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CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS
AND
DOMESTIC LIFE
OF
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

KING OF PRUSSIA,

AS NARRATED BY

THE VERY REVEREND R. FR. EYLERT, D.D.

BISHOP IN THE UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH OF PRUSSIA. &c. &c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY JONATHAN BIRCH,

HOLDER OF THE PRUSSIAN GREAT GOLD MEDAL OF HOMAGE,

DATED 15 OCTOBER, 1840.

*Author of "Fifty-one Original Fables and Morals," "Divine Emblems," Translator of
BOTH PARTS of "Goethe's Faust," &c.*

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

SIR,

THE very gracious and condescending manner wherewith your Royal Highness was pleased to receive my publication of "The Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III."—your Royal Highness's august and illustrious Father, emboldens me to inscribe the present volume to your Royal Highness; confident that my object, and endeavour to extend the knowledge of the moral virtues of his late Majesty, to the British nation—to whom he was personally and gladly known in 1814 as King, Conqueror, Ally,

and Guest—cannot be otherwise than agreeable to your Royal Highness's filial sentiments,—at the same time it affords me an opportunity of enhancing my tribute of gratitude to the memory of the late excellent King, under whose just and parental Rule I had the privilege and satisfaction of spending the most joyful years of my life.

With cordial wishes for the health and happiness of your Royal Highness and Family—and the prosperity of the Royal House of Prussia, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

May it please your Royal Highness,

Sir,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most obedient and very humble Servant,

JONATHAN BIRCH.

PREFACE.

THE favourable manner in which the religious selections from Bishop Eylert's work were received by the public, and the desire expressed by reviewers for additional information relative to the King's moral and domestic character,—have stimulated me to produce a Second volume from the same source: being in respect of paper, type, size, and binding, a perfect companion to the lately published “Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III.”—together, they may be considered a *full*, though concise translation of the Bishop's “Characteristic Traits,” so far as the domestic, moral, religious, and personal portions of the late King's character are concerned;—for the venerable ecclesiastic studiously avoids en-

tering on—what in a national point of view may be considered as of more importance—the legislative and military parts.

What drops from the King's lips (pages 135 to 150), in defence of Frederick the Great when walking in the park of Sans-Souci, and the account of his last interview with the illustrious warrior,—form an original and interesting historical document, worthy of paramount attention,—and particularly valuable to those who would *justly* estimate that renowned Monarch,—coming as it does from such truthful lips, and high authority.

ERRATUM.

Page 173, line 4, for "themselves" read "itself."

THE
CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS AND DOMESTIC LIFE
OF HIS LATE MAJESTY
FREDERICK WILLIAM III.
OF PRUSSIA.

It is desirable, and undoubtedly advantageous that the Prince—towards whom all eyes are hereafter to be directed—possess an external form likely to make a favourable impression,—such as gains the confidence and affections of beholders at first sight.

Socrates, who recognized the harmoniousness of nature, maintained, that primarily “a beauteous body was the habitation of a beauteous soul;” and it has ever been the wish of nations, to contemplate in their rulers the two united.

Nature had given to Frederick William III.* a prepossessing and imposing exterior,—so much so, that a

* Frederick William III. was the grand-nephew and favourite of Frederick the Great.

stranger walking in the Potsdam Park, struck by the personal appearance of one in simple attire—wearing no insignia of rank, and unattended—felt irresistibly moved to raise his hat and bow as he passed;—not knowing until afterwards, that that *one* was the King. It is related that the same has often happened in distant countries, where he had chosen to assume the strictest incognito.

It was not necessary to have studied Lavater, to discover mildness and majesty in the features and form of our deceased master.

The King was much above the common height, and his limbs were finely proportioned. His bearing was erect and military—at the same time wholly unconstrained—and gracefully agreeing with his stature. His look, which partook of the serious and tranquil, was agreeable. His high forehead and unwrinkled brow indicated purity of mind—his full underlip firmness—and around his mouth hovered a mixture of good-nature and natural satire. His eyes were dark-blue—full of animation and kindness—generally contemplative, yet indicating at times deep thought and experienced sorrow. His countenance was stern, intellectual, reposed,—never vacant, or as if moved by suspicion,—but open, shrewd, and truthful. When he chose to express satisfaction by a smile, benevolence marked his aspect: what might be

termed condescension, was in him graciousness of mind, for his eye beamed with good-will to all mankind. Never did human countenance more justly mirror forth the inward feeling—it might be denominated a panorama of received impressions.

Did discourse turn on the misfortunes or casualties of others—sympathy was directly seen in the peculiar movement of the features of his face—the shrug of his shoulders—and the remembrance-knot, stealthily made in his handkerchief.

His gait was firm and measured,—and the movement of his hands singularly graceful.

When young, his person was slim, and he never became corpulent; but in his 35th year, when he had reached the prime of manhood, he was considered to be, not only the most exalted, but the handsomest man in Prussia—a very chieftain. This was most visible when on parade surrounded by his guards, the élite of the nation—the stranger had not to ask, “Which is the King?” The best likenesses are that by Professor Krüger in unbuttoned coat,—and that taken of him on the 1st of June 1840, a few days before his death, wherein he is represented as standing at his palace window watching the ceremony of laying the first stone of the monument, then about to be erected to the memory of his predecessor, Frederick the Great.

The King's voice was less pleasing than might be expected, having inherited from his father, Frederick William II., a nasal twang; but as the *what* on all occasions is of more value than the *how*,—unfavourable as that might be to first impressions, it soon lost itself, and became a mere individual characteristic—nay, even agreeable to the ears of those who were about him.

As in everything else, the King loved *simplicity*, even in respect of his own attire.

His usual dress was a plain blue close coat, buttoned to the throat. Were he in the country—on the Peacock Island—or in retired Paretz, he then preferred the more commodious outer coat.

When he visited the Bohemian or other baths, he put aside all that could possibly indicate royalty, and then his general dress was a dark-olive coat, white waistcoat, grey trowsers, black silk neckcloth, round beaver hat,—and light stick in hand.

He was pleased when he could be a man amongst mankind,—then was he serene and buoyant, unconstrained and at ease—for he was delighted to escape from all that limited.

With reluctance he cast aside the garments to which he was accustomed, and he continued to wear them to the very verge of unseemliness. Were the object

in question a coat or cloak—it was always, “the old one is as yet good enough,”—neither would he separate himself from them, until his affectionate daughters, by dint of amiable solicitation, prevailed on their revered father to adopt the new apparel.

He generally wore the simple and convenient, yet significant, Landwehr-cap, putting it aside for the feathered hat only on court or gala days: on such occasions he wore orders, and dressed carefully, so that every portion fitted with the greatest accuracy his manly form. The Iron Cross was his favourite adornment.

The saying, “dress makes the man,” applied in nowise to him; for whether at the Coronation-and-Order Festival in Berlin, or strolling about the quiet streets of Potsdam unattended, and clad in the simple cap and grey surtout, it was all the same—he was King in every dress!

His desire for the simple and unornamental, was equally observable in his choice of residences, and manner of using them.—When he succeeded to the Crown, he did not inhabit the extensive Berlin Château of his forefathers, but remained in the small, yet comfortable palace he used when Crown-Prince—the same in which he died. The various rooms were tastefully furnished with valuable paintings and othe

works of art, also a choice selection of perennials; but decorations such as ornament the Great Palace were not to be seen there—he required not such in his more retired royal domicile.

The King was an admirer and good judge of Art in all its branches, and in the course of his forty-three years' reign, he expended many millions thereon. He built the Museum, and stored it with the costliest specimens.

In what may be termed his *own* rooms, pictures on scriptural subjects predominated, particularly those which represented scenes from the life of Jesus and his Apostles—and the *Ecce Homo* of Raphael, which was to him of surpassing worth. He took delight in making presents of biblical paintings to churches.

He spent the greater part of the day, particularly the forenoon, in his cabinet, where all was orderly, elegant, yet void of ornament. Potsdam was his favourite place of residence, and his abode there was the third story of the palace, on the side which adjoins the pleasure-garden and the long bridge over the Havel;—these apartments are comfortable but small, and far from lofty—not equalling the suites of many a wealthy private individual. The furniture in his study consisted of a high desk, at which he wrote standing—a bookcase full of the German classics,—a corner cupboard,—a common sofa,—a small

looking-glass, and several cane-bottomed chairs :—on the walls hung ancient and modern representations of the Prussian army, and a copper-plate print of Christ Blessing the Children.

His bed-room, which was remote from noise, was rather dark, and without decorations ; containing only the usual washing apparatus—a simple camp-bedstead, such as every officer has—a cloak-horse—and a boot-jack. His bed was a hard mattress and light covering ; and on the small table by his bedside lay, together with a translation of Thomas à Kempis, various works of serious character. On the second floor the cheerful small saloon, hung with pictures, and its adjoining room, were alone in use ; the rest, which were state-apartments, being kept closed, except on extraordinary occasions.

The King, by his firm regularity, and simple living, preserved to advanced age his robust health ;—everything was done by clock-work throughout the day, and he was best pleased when nothing occurred to disturb this uniformity. The whole was planned out, and every occupation had its time to a minute. All who were about him were so well tutored, that each one knew what he had to do, and when to do it.

He was moderate in everything, particularly in respect of table enjoyments ; the pleasures of the gourmand

were therefore almost unknown to him,—nevertheless on court festivals, and when illustrious visitors were his guests, the royal table was richly served; and nothing *recherché* was omitted which the most refined epicure could desire in respect of elegance, variety, quality, and quantity.

The King neither loved, nor would tolerate the superfluous;—in the circle of his family and usual guests, his table was only that of any opulent merchant; even then, he partook not of all the dishes, choosing the plainest, and those thought most wholesome. He drank little wine, not more than two or three glasses;—yet he was well pleased that his guests enjoyed themselves, for hardly was a glass empty, ere one of the numerous servants filled it again; but his example checked immoderation, and never was seen at court, even on the greatest festival, an inebriated man. When the Court Marshal, on the King's return to Berlin in 1809, after the unfortunate war of 1806, asked “whether he should order a quantity of champagne?” the answer was, “Not yet!—not before all my subjects—even the poorest—can afford to drink beer again.”—He expressed himself well pleased when a fisherman, gardener, or any of the neighbouring country people, sent him cakes or other table fare. Of such presents he always partook; and when the surveyor of the

kitchen named the giver, he would say, "very agreeable to me; must make amends; put me in mind thereof!" and the presenter was sure of receiving a return-present.

Dinner was usually over in an hour and a half,—seldom lasting two hours; for supper the King took that which was light—generally milk—rarely a glass of wine. When he came to the crown, the Marshall proposed a more extended list of viands for the royal table, and received for answer, "Has my stomach become more capacious since I am King?—be it as it has been until now!"

His greatest enjoyment in the shape of food was ripe fruit of the best sorts; therefore he upheld with especial care the hot, green, and forcing-houses, established by Frederick the Great in and about Sans Souci;—and the accomplished court gardener knew how to keep his table supplied with the choicest—equal in flavour to what might be obtained in the south of Europe. After the congress of Vienna, when the King, accompanied by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, visited Italy, and together ascended Mount Vesuvius, they were presented with some of the delicious grapes that grow at its foot—well known by the name *Lacrimæ Christi*. The vines at Sans Souci being of the same species, the King had purposely ordered some of them to be forwarded, which

being placed in different flower-baskets, they were set before and partaken of by the illustrious visitors without being informed of the different place of growth ; and to the King's satisfaction the *Lacrimæ Christi* of *Sans Souci* were preferred to those of *Vesuvius*, as being fuller, riper, and more highly flavoured.

Every morning throughout the year small baskets of fruit were placed on an appointed table in his dwelling-room, and beside them labels with the names of all his children. Smilingly he selected and apportioned these delicious gifts of bountiful Nature ; into the several baskets, which he ornamented with flowers, he placed a label bearing the name of one of his children ;—each had a portion, and the already waiting servants took them to their destination :—such was the royal father's every-day morning salute to his children. Who feels not the sentiment conveyed ?—If the former anecdote may be likened to a *Symposian Dithyrambic*—then may we with justice denominate the latter an *Idyl*.

What the King saved of luxurious expenditure was dispensed for general purposes ; and never were the poor and miserable forgotten—for daily, and in all directions, flowed his noiseless benevolence. If Prussia, subsequent to those misfortunes that brought her to the verge of national annihilation, has, to the astonishment of the world, recovered her greatness so quickly in a financial,

moral and physical point of view, enjoying again extensive credit; such immeasurable good fortune may in a great degree be attributed to the virtuous singleness of mind, and frugality of Frederick William III. His moral maxims were the rule and guide of himself and family, and he made them to flow into and through all branches of the administration. As in every well ordered private economy, so in state management, the requisite is ever present, if inclination for the unnecessary and superfluous, with all its changing moodiness and endless desires, be sternly repulsed.

But this wisdom and moderation—firm regulations and serene frugality—must proceed from the uppermost, namely, the monarch; if fresh and healthy strength, shall invigorate the State-body.

Thence came our regeneration; for inasmuch as our never-to-be-forgotten King was a pattern of domestic life, so was he what the best of rulers should be—the firm, unbending, yet mildly virtuous father of his people. The following significant anecdote relative to his early moderation was told me by his confidential servant, Wolter, who was a truly estimable man. “When the King was a boy of ten years, and I had the duty of waiting on him, a fruiterer’s lad in the middle of winter made his appearance at his Highness’s apartments with a small basket of ripe hot-house cherries. The young prince was

delighted at sight of them, and wished to become a purchaser of the rarities ; but being informed that the price was five dollars, he said, 'What ! five dollars for a handful of cherries?'—and unhesitatingly turning from them, added, 'I ought not, neither do I desire to have them !' Almost immediately afterwards a shoemaker of Potsdam was announced, and I informed the Prince that the poor fellow had been long ill of a nervous-fever,—that he was in sad plight, and that his trade in consequence of sickness and exhausted funds had dwindled to nothing—that he was in want of leather to begin the world again, which would cost twenty dollars—that not having a stiver, he in his necessities had come to petition his Royal Highness graciously to give him that sum.

“‘How much have I got?’ said the Prince, with compassionate emotion. On my informing him fifty dollars, he instantaneously commanded me to give the poor man the desired twenty dollars in his name, with the wish that they might prove fortunate to him. The artisan received the boon and good wish with o’erwhelming joy and gratitude, and expressed a desire to be permitted personally to thank his Royal Highness. This the Prince refused in these words : ‘’Tis not necessary ; ’twould only embarrass the poor fellow.’” Here have we the King *in nuce*. The young Prince estimates

five dollars as too much to lavish on cherries for which his mouth waters, and stoically dismisses the desired enjoyment,—whilst he readily gives nearly half of his small money-store to help an unfortunate artisan ;—then refuses from delicacy of feeling, to receive his grateful thanks, but adds to the boon a wish that God's blessing may attend it.

The pleasing anecdote has a thousand times crossed my mind when observing and meditating on the King's actions in after-life.

In tracing the King's INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES, the first and most prominent, and that forming the ground-work of the whole, was natural and healthy good common sense (*sensus communis*);—however strange it may appear, nevertheless it is probably true, that our present system of mental culture, which consists of so many heterogeneous elements, oftener tends in its commencement rather to crush natural and healthy common sense, than to awaken and vivify it,—for *that* does not originate in the understanding and its power of thought, but is connected with clearness and simplicity of temper, and has its force in the totality of the man: therefore in such respect it is primary, and the most precious gift of nature ;—and nothing better as a foundation can be wished for in man, or ruler. It is for practical life and its ever-varying snares—better than erudition,

and an isolated mass of dead and multitudinous abstract knowledge,—it is in life's chronometer, main-spring, weight, stroke and tick, and is indispensable to those who have much to think about, to judge of, and to decide upon. In a peculiar degree it was the property of the deceased King; and one may say with truth, that his natural, healthy, straightforward common sense, predominated in all he did; it was his help at hand. His life, rich in experience, had taught him that all and every matter, however brilliantly introduced and made prospectively flattering, proved in the realizing very different from what it promised. Therefore was he never led away by sanguine hopes, but ever remained moderate in his expectations; having learnt the important and difficult virtue of "being able to wait." His judgment for that reason was always sound and striking, being not only the product of his understanding, but his pure tact—not only of his clear head, but of his noble and feeling heart. Nothing in him was isolated but a concentrated flowing, and one saw in him a whole—as to-day, so to-morrow.

Thence originated, without surmising it himself, his calm preponderance—for the majority of mankind are fragmental—composed of patches. He might be said to be a form of a single cast, and therefore did his homogeneity give to his *whole* preponderance; not only

valid in every day circumstances,—which would be saying little for one clothed in regal authority and loyally revered by all—but also in council with his ministers—such men as Hardenburg, Stein, and Humboldt: not that he undervalued their perhaps superior sagacity and learning, for he had chosen their Excellences to be of his privy council because of such qualities: but it manifested itself when, after long debate, opposition, and individual tenacity, they had brought themselves and the matter under consideration to a “fix;”—then the fast and complicated knot was generally loosed by the simple and sound views of the King; so that the ministers looking at each other with amazement, have admitted the solution to be proximate, and wondered that they should have taken erroneous views of the matter. His penetration and judgment were almost as prompt as Columbus’s egg-poising. In that which he thought right, real, and for the public good—supported by his divination-gift (*sensus numinis**), which told him what would or would not work, or what would or would not succeed—he remained decided and inflexible even *then* when all the privy council were of a different opinion.

Such has often happened on most important political matters—namely, in 1812, when the Emperor Napoleon

* *Nemo unquam vita magnus sine afflatu divino fuit*, says Cicero.

prepared for, and entered on, his gigantic invasion of Russia. The King was thereby placed in the most painful and frightful position,—for he was forced, through the untowardness of events and circumstances, to furnish a large portion of his troops to that powerful man—then at the culminating point of his greatness;—to assist *him*—his deadly enemy—he who had brought misfortune on himself, country, and people,—to carry on war against his friend the Emperor Alexander.

Shrinking from the hideousness of such a state of things, —all his confidential counsellors foreboding the worst, were of opinion, that with Napoleon (for he had distinctly shown his hatred of Prussia—and of the King personally, so lately as during his stay at Dresden) there should be no more negotiating. Therefore was it recommended by them that all tergiversatory measures should be abandoned, and the decided step taken :—namely, to risk the sacrifice of every thing for the moment, and firmly coalesce with Russia against France.

This view of the matter, respective of the then political circumstances, had much for it; and the most sagacious diplomatists were of that opinion,—not so the King; he was decidedly against such line of policy—for an inward presentiment made it impossible for him to acquiesce. “Who,” said he, “will guarantee to us

that if I not being strong enough to oppose, draw on me the French army,—and be forced to fall back beyond the Prussian borders to unite with Russia, sacrificing thereby everything—who, I say, will guarantee to us that the French Emperor does not change his whole plan, drop the intended war against Russia—and then in right of Conqueror, deprive me of the remaining half of my country? No; in such great worldly occurrences, we must not presumptuously anticipate Providence, but await the beckon: I see it not yet. According to my view of the matter, only two results can occur: if the French Emperor succeeds this time—then, inasmuch as I shall have fulfilled his wish in giving the demanded troops-in-aid—he cannot take from me that I have; if on the contrary he miscarry—which I ardently hope—then will the *future* teach what is to be done.”

How, through the wonderful assistance of the elements the King's judgment and patience were justified—the destruction of the overwhelming French army on the northern Ice-plains, the world hath witnessed with joyous astonishment.

Who does not bless the determination of our revered lord and master!—through him the restoration of Prussia and one may say all Germany, has been brought about:—and when we reflect how he, in the most

weighty matters, where all was at stake, remained collected and still; and how he, depending on the inspiration of his straitforward, sound, common sense, spoke the wisdom of a Solomon concisely and without ostentation; then shall we be reminded of the ingenuous judgment the vigorous-minded minister, von Stein, passed on him: "The King is more penetrating, prudent and judicious, than any of us, without being aware of it,—even as the *truly* good man is unconscious of being good."

The King's clear *bon sens* void of sophistry, whether on great matters or the smaller affairs of the day, always hit the right point.

The King placed no decided emphasis on what he said, as is common with those who are egotistic—but all flowed from his lips pretensionless, clear, and void of ornament; therefore was it that his remarks were often heard without making deep impressions;—if however what had passed were reflected on, one could discover that his opinions uttered in so few words were pregnant with profound meaning. In the world much is pondered on, and much more spoken: yet how few are there, who, throughout a life of talk, have delivered one wise sentence!—clearness of thought, depth, and experience, combined with naïveté, are the requisites. The King loved proverbs; particularly those of our nation.

Such manner of thinking and form of expression aided him in the multiplicity and manifoldness of his occupations as Sovereign. His replies to the representations, reports, and petitions that daily came in, were generally written in the margins;—a selection from those resolves would be an authentic and admirable addition to his *Characteristic Traits*.

He was very apt at pithy answers, and his *coup d'œil* was so correct and quick, that he never had to ponder long. I will record two examples which came under my immediate notice.

When the organization of the Landwehr took place, preparatory to the great struggle for freedom, the authorities had proposed that the caps should bear the energetic motto, "Weaponless, Honourless!" On one being submitted to the King for approbation, he tersely replied:—"The sentence is too sweeping,—says too much, and is unjust: there are many worthy and brave men owing to their age, calling, sickness, family circumstances, &c., will be prevented from carrying a musket, and taking a direct and active part in the conflict,—who remaining at home will, through their influence, benefit the good cause in manifold ways: such may not be stigmatized as 'honourless.' No, no, the motto shall be, 'with God, for King and Country.'"——

Mr. —, * was government registrar in D—, and performed his official duties efficiently and uprightly, —when in consequence of the unfortunate war of 1806 that portion of the country fell under French domination, † the registrar it is true retained his place and salary, but as the French authorities decided all cases that came before them off-handedly and without reference to the *ante acta*, they required none of the registrar's judicial deeds and rolls. The many-chambered registration *bureau* remained therefore unfrequented, and its chief had nothing more to do,—as search after documents for reference or otherwise was never demanded of him. He was married and had nine children, the most part born during the French occupation. His small stipend, never regularly paid him—often only in dribblets—no longer sufficed to purchase for his numerous family the common necessities of life,—and inasmuch as he thought Napoleon's domination firmly established, and the repossession of the country by the Prussians hopeless, he, from time to time, sold what he considered to be worthless portions of the acts and statutes to the shopkeepers for waste paper, and by that means provided for his family wants when hard pressed;—thus

* I do not give the name, because both he and his family are still living.

† Probably formed part of Jerome's Kingdom of Westphalia.
—Tn.

the registration, in the course of a few years, nearly disappeared,—unnoticed or disregarded by the French authorities.

After the fortunately-ended war of 1813 and 1814, when that country again fell to Prussia, and the former principles of government took place; the old registration bureau no longer existed, and the registrar, who had sold its contents, was arrested and brought before the Criminal Court, which, after legal investigation, condemned him to loss of place, ten years' imprisonment, and unworthiness to hold office again, or wear the National Cockade. In this dreadful plight—with a wife and nine children in want—the unfortunate, and but for this occurrence, irreproachable man, besought forgiveness of the King; and his excellent wife, whom I had heretofore, in my position of clergyman in Hamm, instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, most urgently begged of me to place the petition in the King's hands, and support it by my intercession. I held such to be my duty, and awaited a favourable opportunity. This ere long offered, being invited to join the King at Paretz.*

On arrival, the King invited me to walk with him in the adjacent park. My heart palpitated;—the pic-

* A retired village about 9 miles from Potsdam, where there is a small royal *château*.

ture of the unfortunate family was before my soul, and with emotion I said, "Your Majesty, I have a petition in my pocket which oppresses my heart." After concisely stating the particulars of the case, the King said—

"As respects the destroyed acts, the matter might possibly be arranged,—for in the offices there is more written than requisite. The world would not lose much, were it possessed of fewer of those *opera*! I know how I myself am teased by useless writings, and how sheets of folio are covered with what might be said on a page of octavo:—but 'tis the nature of the Bureaucracy.* The present case will greatly depend on, whether, amongst the disposed-of papers, there were any title-deeds and such like documents, the loss of which would prove detrimental, and perhaps ruinous, to the rights of *others*. Is it so?—then will it be difficult to help the poor man. I must be officially informed on the subject, and will order a report to be made me on that point. If however they are only acts relative to passed and settled transactions,—then one may be induced to show indulgence. The old order of things is past, and a new era begun; respective of the former we have much to forgive and forget;—it is to be hoped

* A word recently much used in Germany, meaning officials belonging to the civil government.—Tr.

the present will work more beneficially." So spake our royal master:—circumspectly and sympathisingly.

The commanded report turned out favourably for the Registrar, for it appeared that title-deeds and documents of real importance, so far from being sold, had been carefully selected and preserved. It resulted that he was pardoned, and attached to the Government office in M——.

When I presented the happily-rescued family's letter of thanks to the King, he mildly said, "I am well pleased that the affair admitted of such act of grace."

Many such instances of justice and humanity happened during his long and paternal reign. No day of his life was *sine linea*.

The King possessed healthy common sense, logically arranged, and at his command;—I have heard him speak uninterruptedly in conference on Church affairs for twenty to thirty minutes, with conclusiveness and eloquence, so that that which he purposed and desired, was expressed in a most clear and connected manner. He hated the diffuse and confused, and when about to be annoyed in that way, he repulsed the parties with "It's out of place—to the point, to the point!" He disliked sophistical and abstract combinations, and he never allowed himself to be bewildered in the transcendental mazes of artfully arranged ideas.

When such were on the tapis, he withdrew, saying, "That's too lofty for me!" He disapproved of depth without clearness; eschewed shallowness and trifling, and abhorred vulgarity of manner and expression.

He neither loved nor cultivated philosophy as a science; had it been otherwise, surrounded as he was by a concrete world, time would have been wanting to obtain mastery over it. Although not unacquainted with its historical outlines, he desired no nearer intimacy: for its prominent changeableness—as when one highly-prized system is repudiated to make room for another, and that in its turn is pulled down only to be recreated under a novel form and colouring,—had caused him to place little confidence in human wisdom. So that when books of such tendency were sent him, he was used to say, "I thank the author for this mark of attention; but I take no interest in such Sisyphean labour." Then satirically smiling, he would add, "Most likely the old affair of Gellert's hat; it always has been so—and will be so to the end of the chapter."

In his early years he had heard much about Kant's philosophy, and had read several of his works, particularly that "On the Conflict of the Faculties,"* and was much amused at the question of whether philosophy was the handmaid of theology, or *vice versa*?

* Ueber den Streit der Facultäten.

Since then, having personally known Kant when in Königsberg, he spoke of him as of a powerful soul in a small feeble body; and felt a friendship for the deep-thinker, owing to Dr. Borowsky's biography of him, so much so, that he took an interest in knowing what strides the Kantian philosophy made.

Professor Fichte, although accused of atheism and driven from Jena, being at that time a disciple and follower of Kant,* the King nevertheless inclined to invite him to Berlin; and the minister Beyme, himself a clear-headed man, and fond of all species of knowledge, fostered that feeling in the King. But when after Kant's death he saw that Fichte sported a new system, and thereby drew on himself the homage heretofore offered to Kant—which system in its turn was obscured by Schelling's—and this pulled down by Hegel, who had been called to Berlin—the matter became too motley for the King—and he lost all desire to follow the labyrinthian march of intellect, in that direction, any further: yet he always evinced a lively interest in the prosperity of his country's universities, and other educational establishments. To his death he never ceased to invite to them the most renowned doctors in all the Faculties, whether foreigners or not.

* Fichte's anonymous publication, "Criticism on all Revelations," was attributed to Kant himself, until he publicly denied it.

With a royal munificence, surpassing that displayed by any of his ancestors, he placed the Professors in comfortable circumstances, and by their celebrity the institutions so advanced in character, that students who desired a well-grounded education flocked to them. He valued Hegel personally; and when he heard that Hegel had allied himself to Biblical Christianity, he rejoiced; but afterwards, understanding that it could be demonstrated that Hegel, in the use of Biblical expressions, combined a meaning to them different to the obvious sense of Holy Writ, and that the Hegelites were become disunited and violently at variance, he shook his head; and lost confidence in respect of philosophy in divine matters.

A lively sally, to which he refrained giving expression, was often discernible in his countenance; for he never uttered a conceit that was likely to wound the hearer. In confidential and intimate circles, namely, at table, he was unreserved, and when a witty comparison or innocent thought struck him, he freely gave it vent.

The conversation once turning on Russia and the General Field-marshal, Diebitsch-Sabalkansky, who had made himself renowned in the Turkish war; it was observed by Colonel ———, one of the King's adjutants, a witty and amiable man, but who, owing to his "bonhomie" and numerous family, continually found

himself short of cash, and whose debts the King had often paid, "that he was especially glad, since the renowned Diebitsch was a born Prussian, and educated in the Royal Cadet-establishment of Berlin."

"You see, my dear Colonel," said his Majesty, "what may be made of a Prussian. Should the Emperor of Russia be in want of a Finance Minister, I shall propose you!"

This undoubtedly piquant remark was so good-naturedly toned, that it foreboded further pecuniary assistance. Not long after, when the King presented the same brave man, with whom he liked to joke, a sum of money which shall be nameless, by means of a draft on the Treasury, he entered it in the first book that came to hand under the following heading, "First Instalment," which presenting to Col. —, he good-humouredly said, "How do you like that book?" "Admirably," replied the Colonel. "The first part is precious; and I long to see the second." The King repeated the present in the same manner and form, jocosely heading the entry, "Second and Last Part."

He had ordered a carriage to be built for his journey to Italy;—when the Berlin coachmaker brought it to Charlottenburg, for the King's inspection, he said, "The main point is this,—will it, in addition to the comfort I required, possess the qualities of strength

and durability?" "In this carriage," said the maker, "your Majesty may drive to Rome without starting a screw." The King, by way of trial, proceeded from Charlottenburg to Berlin in his new carriage; but strange to say, exactly opposite the sign of the "City of Rome," the front axletree snapped. The King got leisurely out, saying, "truly the man has kept his word; I've got as far as the city of Rome."

Be it permitted to record one of the King's pleasantries relative to myself. I had preached before the King from Luke xiv. 8—11: "When thou art invited," &c. Led by the text, I expatiated on the virtues of diffidence and humility—recommending them as safe preservers of our happiness.

Being that day invited to dine at the royal table in company of many high in office, I hung back, and having entered the banqueting-room last, took my place at the lower end of the table. The King surveying his guests, called to me, "Eylert, you are probably applying to-day's text? But it also says, 'Friend, go higher!'—Come, take the chair opposite to me." The undeserved and unexpected honour, nevertheless embarrassed me. Such joyous temperament, however, was the exception, not the rule, for his equanimity and dignified earnestness hardly admitted of joking.

Inasmuch as practical understanding, in unison with moral tact, was his distinguishing strength, so was his IMAGINATION a subordinate faculty, which, far from domineering, proved only a collateral decoration. To give himself up to fancy, to describe her pictures, to indulge in rapsody, was no affair of his.

The wholesome tendency of his goodwill and striving, permitted not of poetic flights: yet had he, with a happy evenness of soul, a decided feeling for the beautiful. He was attached to music,—more so to the successful creations of the painter and sculptor,—moreover he was a decided friend of the drama.

Together with the useful, he loved and fostered the beautiful in art and science; but the useful, as being that which would prove most beneficial to his subjects, had the preference:—that secured, he turned with pleasure to the beautiful and diverting. He felt not what is termed rapture when contemplating a work of art; and to ecstasy and enthusiasm he was a stranger. His phantasy was the phantasy of reason and warm moral feeling. He hated extremes; and eccentricities, and all sorts of delusions, apparitions, and hocus-pocussing, occasioned in him disgust, which he failed not to express: therefore did the sanguine project-mongers of 1806 to 1812 never get his ear. One heard him often say, “I have no love for phantoms

and phantasmagorias ; I can make no beneficial use of phantists ;" adding, " Phantusus was brother to Morpheus."

EQUANIMITY never forsook him, whether in prosperity or misfortune :—such can only be the case, when fancy with its equivocal blessings is kept within bounds.

His MEMORY was retentive—a gift most important to a ruler ;—everything he read, saw, and heard, took full hold, if worthy his attention ; even figures and names were at his command, when in connexion with any circumstance or person that had interested him.

It appears hardly credible, nevertheless it is strictly true, that he knew the greater portion of his guards,—generally greeting those on duty at the palaces by name, when he passed them ;—such recognition from the King's lips was highly estimated by the brave men.

When he journeyed to Westphalia, in 1799, he halted on the 7th of June at Hamm, the capital of the province of Mark ; before the government-house, at which he alighted, a crowd of huzzaing folks had assembled ; amongst them the King espied one of the tall Potsdam Guards in uniform ; he was the son of a sexton, named Koch, belonging to a neighbouring village, to visit whom, he had obtained a furlough. The King was standing at the window enjoying the gratulations of his trusty Markers, when he caught sight of the guardsman,

and opening the window, he shouted—"Koch, what are you doing here?" Being informed, he gave him money to spend with his father.

In 1810, the King being at Potsdam, was standing at the window—his usual custom after dinner—and beside him the then Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Guards, Von Kessel; looking towards the road he remarked hard-by a poorly-clad man, who, with uncovered head, was staring up at the window, holding at same time a letter in his uplifted hand. "I know that man," said the King, "he has a peculiar face; his name is Arnold Schultz, and was one of the Magdeburg garrison. He served under me when Crown Prince, in the campaign against France, in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence." Colonel von Kessel remarked, "Is your Majesty quite sure?—from 1792 to 1810, are eighteen years, almost too long to remember suchlike occurrences."

"I'll convince you," said the King, ordering one of his adjutants to show the man up. As he entered, the King said, "What's thy name, my son?"—Arnold Schultz." "You were a soldier?"—"Yes, belonging to the Magdeburg garrison; marched against the French in 1792, and was wounded before Mayence. Your Majesty, then Crown Prince, was very kind to me,—had me taken to the next Lazaret,—gave

me money—and ordered that I should be taken good care of.” “What, then, has brought thee to Potsdam?” “Alas! I’m badly off now. The French in Magdeburg, because I won’t leave off feeling that I’m a Prussian, have dismissed me from my post of gate-keeper. I have no bread for wife and children,—therefore am I come to Potsdam, to beg of my rightful and gracious master a little help.” “And thou shalt have it, old man,” said the King—ordering, at the same time, that he should immediately receive nutriment in the palace kitchen, be clothed from head to foot, and have money and support until he was appointed to some post. A few years before his death, the King was taking a ride in a carriage and pair, accompanied by only one of his adjutants, as was his custom, in the park. Driving at a slow pace, he saw amongst the saluters an aged man, a merchant of Königsberg, who, in the unfortunate years extending from 1806 to 1809, had displayed much interest and attachment towards the King and his lamented consort during their sojourning there.

The King ordered the coachman to stop, and calling to the Königsberger, who, with wife and children stood near—he by name bid him approach.

“My God!” said the King, “you in Berlin, and not call! Have you already forgotten me? I, how-

ever, am mindful of the loyalty and attachment you showed to me, and my deceased Consort, during our stay in Königsberg. Where do you reside?"

The King commanded that the whole family should be invited to dine with him next day; and such summons was several times repeated. When the merchant left for Königsberg, he and his family were surprised by appropriate and pleasing presents.

The King's character, as displayed through his prominent individualities, was conditional; at the same time enlightened by the quality and direction of his intellectual powers—having an active and decided mind—and that mental action always under control,—he was more guided by ideas than feelings:—whence, as a matter of course, the fundamental principles which fixed his character developed themselves. With his self-staidness, it was a never-deviating necessity of his nature, to have a firm groundwork for what he thought, felt, desired, decided on, and did,—so that in all that came before him, he, in the first place, dived into the origin and motive of the matter: was anything equivocal or impure therein, he was sure to discover it,—which dismissing in the most summary manner, there was little chance of his being troubled with a second application from the same quarter: were the matter of high importance—without directly inquiring into its grounds and

consequences, he hesitated, saying : " Time will show—we must wait." In such cases he deferred—not from mental vacillation, but on the principle of non-precipitation ;—and valuing the lessons of experience more than systems of theory, he became a decided enemy to all experimentalizing ;—therefore was his reign so full of interim-measures—often and severely criticised by the rash writers of the day,—who ignorantly overlooked, or maliciously misconstrued, the just moderation and caution of the King they would rudely school. The well-informed, however, knew that such proceeded from anxious consideration, and great foresight.

It is not to be denied, that his diffidence and reserve made him appear, until 1813, distrustful of himself,—and his tender scruples, when difficult cases of collision presented themselves, often anxious and uneasy ;—for in his conscientiousness, and knowledge of his duties towards the Omniscient Judge, the King's character had deep rooting, and renewal of strength.

His character was real,—and from its decided truthfulness, proceeded the King's other eminent qualities :—nature seemed to have organized him for that virtue of all virtues. In his manifold conflicts with men of all sorts and degrees during his long reign, he never intentionally deceived any one. His yes was veritably yes, and his no, final. His commands were self-evident

axioms. If explanation were asked, he was liable to feel annoyed; when so, he would turn away with these words, "It explains itself!"

Truth was his end and aim, and veracity the only means of obtaining his favour. It was impossible to stand before him without acutely feeling it—therefore have *some* foreigners admitted to audience said, "When he spoke and looked earnestly at us, we forgot all we purposed saying, and could with difficulty get out a few commonplace sentences."

His rigid love of truth caused his dislike of flattery: truly he was pleased when his actions were justly judged of, and the purity of his intentions appreciated. He quickly remarked personal attachment—and men of tact, who could worthily and politely say the agreeable, were not unacceptable to him—but the line of demarcation was most delicate, and a frown was seen on his brow if anything said bordered on flattery—for he suspected wrong so soon as truth was violated.

In 1836, the sons of the King of the French, namely, the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours, visited Berlin;—after many days' sojourn a grand farewell entertainment was given them, in the New Palace. At parting, the Duke of Orleans several times motioned to kiss the King's hand, who, somewhat embarrassed, placed it behind him. But the accomplished Prince, watching

an opportunity, repeated the attempt, saying, "My father commanded me not to return until I had kissed the beneficent hand that for twenty years has preserved the peace of the world." Thereupon the King gave his hand, and afterwards cordially embraced him.

A reigning Grand Duke standing beside the King at a window in the Old Palace, which looks towards the Museum, remarked: "Berlin has only become splendid under your Majesty!" The expression, as being an historical fact, contained no flattery, it nevertheless discomposed the King's temper, who answered in simple and pretensionless manner, "Circumstances have favoured me; under the same, my predecessors would have done more:"—turning the conversation to another subject.

On occasion of the triumphal entry into Paris, at the head of his brave and victorious army, which was the most glorious and splendid moment of his life,—and later, his return entry into Berlin between two Emperors, surrounded by his huzzaing people; no mark of self-conceit, vanity, or egotism, was depicted on his face. All who were eye-witnesses of that scene, and the events of those remarkable days, report that he received with perfect serenity the jubilating homage of the people; and with deepest gratitude he acknowledged the singu-

lar good fortune which had raised him and his people : but when anything was said or done that would attribute the happy result to his wisdom and guidance, then would he say, "Not us ! not us ; to God alone be the honour."

Journeying through Silesia, the Clergymen of a town he stopped at, were presented to him ; it being Saturday, the senior expressed a hope that the King would attend public worship the next day ; "with pleasure," said the King, "provided you do not from the pulpit—which should be the holy place of eternal truth—breathe anything complimentary, or relative of myself. It is consoling to me to know, that every Sunday in the churches of our country, whether Catholic or Protestant, our one and universal God is implored for blessings on me and my government ;—anything further, would be sadly out of place—such inane absurdity I once for all peremptorily interdict."

Visiting a town which shall be nameless,—the Superintendent* read an inflated address : the King however suffered him not to finish, by turning displeased away, and saying to his adjutant, Colonel von Witzleben, "That's not to be endured ; the man is mouthing untruths !" Thereon, the King desired to have a list of the

* The superior clerical officer of the place.

persons invited to meet him at dinner ; and drew with his own hand, the pen across the superintendent's name.

A talented young clergyman, who had the gift of oratory, was recommended by the proper authorities to fill the office of chaplain to a division of the guards. The King desired he should preach his probationary sermon in the Court and Garrison church in Potsdam,* purposing to be present.

The candidate spoke eloquently on heroism ; as however in due course of winding up, he proceeded to apply what he had said, to the King and the Prussian army in unmeasured terms of praise ; the King, who was otherwise noted for sitting still and paying undivided and devotional attentions, became uneasy, stood up, and surveyed the church. Afterwards he expressed to me his displeasure, thus, " That ecclesiastic has never made the Bible his study—at least he has not possessed himself of its spirit ; otherwise he would have known that the Divine Word compliments not human beings. A clergyman who would make my soldiers self-sufficient—and thereby drowsy—is of no use."

When the King and Family returned from Königsberg, he celebrated the Good Friday of 1810 by taking,

* It may be thought strange that that Church is always so denominated, instead of by a saint's name ;—it never had a saintly patron appointed to it.—Tr.

for the first time, after three melancholy years of absence, the Lord's Supper with his parishioners in the Potsdam church.

The pious re-union of our country's King with his neighbours in a holy place, so filled all hearts with gladness, that I thought it right to utter a few words relating to past circumstances and the King's presence, in the most delicate manner possible. But even that displeased him. "I thank you," said he, "for your sermon; nevertheless I was annoyed to hear my name mentioned with praise when expounding the Divine Word."

Even in short addresses, on occasions of family festivals, such as betrothments, christenings, and also at the Coronation and Order Festival, he forbade all personal allusions, and thereby confined the speaker's oratory,—for exactly on such opportunities, delicate references to character and circumstance occasion the chief interest. I therefore made bold to observe, "that that festival, in its intentions, was a royal festival; and that the reigning King, in his own person, was its centre and soul. If, therefore, one were not allowed to touch on past and present circumstances, connexions, and necessities of the times, wherein the whole point of such addresses lay, then would they lose all interest, by creating no sensation. "That must you," said the

King, "as orator, having such *difficult* speeches to deliver, know best. But when you would make *points*, I must request that you will not especially and personally point at me;" then amiably smiling, "if you must interweave some praises,—do pray be merciful with them."

Nothing in him or about him was studied, nothing artfully adopted, no bridling up, as it is called: firm in body, mind, and intentions, he could, and dared do, what his heart dictated;—ever the same, whether conversing with the Emperor Alexander, or in his grey coat and field-cap pacing the quiet streets of Potsdam without attendant, or hastily placing, that he might not be observed, a piece of gold in the hat of a poor person standing by the roadside. His ruling principles were never dependant on the changing temper of a mutable policy—never dependant on the now favourable, now unfavourable, influence of those around him, or occurring events; yet truly was he—since there are circumstances happening in a King's life which are not always to be constrained—often forced to tack and accommodate himself to the times; but in a purposed matter, which he was once convinced was right, real, and lasting, and more particularly so, if misfortune had etched it in, he was, one may say, obstinate and unmoveable,—and under no circumstances did he give it up.

In matters of every-day life he was condescendingly

tractable; but when privy councillors and ministers in important affairs proceeded on principles opposed to his own, they could make nothing of him; of which many examples might be offered. "Fear God; act justly; shy no man; right must ever remain right, and at last be topmost;" were the keen and sententious expressions we have often heard him use when weighty matters were under discussion. To sanction anything that was contrary to his conviction, he called a sin which can never be forgiven.

No potentate ever possessed, in a greater and fuller measure, the love and attachment of his people, and never did a ruler do less, by artificial means, to obtain that love, or gain popularity.

Of such there was no trace in our King's conduct. The love and confidence of his people was his highest desire, his choicest good; but the means by which he obtained it was to his dying day of a very different nature. Popular he was in the noblest and fullest sense, if under that word is meant feelings of honour and reverence, entertained by all classes towards the sovereign. Nevertheless, through his apparently morose earnestness, natural taciturnity, abruptness, and off-hand despatch, he was thought unpopular by those who saw him once and no more—an opinion often entertained and rashly promulgated. Taught by long experience of mankind,—

that the generality, when seeking their own advantage, are feigning and importunate, he was in most cases unapproachable to personal and *vivâ voce* representations,—and seldom granted those with supplications a private audience. He did not like petitions to be presented to him in the street, and therefore refused to accept them, saying, “ You know where I live ! ”

On occasion of the King's return from St. Petersburg in 1818, he found the road in the near approach to Elbing crowded with people, who intended to take the horses from his carriage and draw him with huzzas into the town. His adjutant, General von Witzleben, who had preceded him, knowing that such servile demonstrations of homage would displease the King, exerted himself to prevent the well-meaning people from such like display of loyalty, but in vain ; they maintained it to be proper and suited to their feelings. When the King arrived, and was received by loud shouts, he thanked them most cordially. But when they began to unhook his horses, and saw the folk ready to draw his carriage, the King forbade them in these words, “ It is beneath the dignity of man to do services which belong to the beast ; my love for my subjects is too great to accept of such debasement.” But these mild words did but animate and strengthen the masses in their purpose. The King now saw in their perse-

verance, disobedience, and became vehement,—commanding that those who resisted orders should be forthwith taken into custody. Several were arrested, and the West Prussian authorities put the matter in train before the criminal court ; but it was quashed by the King's word of mouth, who took that opportunity to make known, that he never would accept of demonstrations of attachment, in which respect for the dignity of man was wounded.

Still more displeased was he when passing through another town. He was returning from Paris, *incognito*, and without attendants :—immediately on his arrival, he proceeded on foot, in his grey upper-coat, to the celebrated cathedral. In the mean time the news of his arrival had got spread amongst the people, and the town was in movement. Crowds traced him to the church, and in unison with their feelings, gave the King, who was earnestly contemplating the beautiful edifice,* a jubilating three times three.

This display of homage, in a highly sacred place, vexed the King, and he loudly reprimanded them.

His sympathy for the misfortunes of others was so lively, as to be, on all occasions, strongly depicted on his face ;—if such met his eye, he did not pass on to avoid

* Probably Cologne.—Ta.

unpleasant sensations, but instituted careful enquiry into all the circumstances, also as to the manner in which help, that was sure to follow, could be best administered. Having severely suffered himself, he poignantly felt for the guiltless sufferings of others, and delicately relieved ; in respect of such feelings, it is characteristic that he, although a great friend of the drama, had a decided disinclination for tragedy, which during his stay in Berlin and Potsdam was seldom performed. I have often heard him say, " Life has enough of tragedies ; there is no necessity for having them exaggerated on the stage, which on the whole blunts feeling ; one ought rather to seek strength to oppose new troubles, by that which is cheerful."

His greatest regal burthen was what he called the " pitiable right of life and death." Most reluctantly, and after much mental conflict, did he sign a death-warrant ; and the privy counsellor Albrecht informed me that it was always done with a trembling hand ; moreover, he would remain for some time afterwards silent and contemplative. He generally mitigated the sentence of death to imprisonment ; and when, owing to the weight of the crime, such was inevitable, he nevertheless required another report from the criminal judge, at the same time expressing a wish that some circumstance in extenuation, might be discovered. Was such

impossible, he put the matter from him, until he was repeatedly reminded thereof. He had one word for all subjects that pressed heavily on his soul, namely, "horrible," and it was uttered in a tone of anguish.

From this psychological point of view, we may judge of the King's deportment on occasion of the famous criminal process against Fonk, condemned to death by the Assize Court: which sentence the King hesitated to confirm, because he could not convince himself of its righteousness. He had me summoned to his presence. I found the King pacing the room in great agitation, because of the accounts which had reached him, namely, that the plaintiff and other enemies of the unfortunate Fonk, overjoyed at the sentence of death, had sent out invitations for a ball. "Horrible!" shouted the King, "to rejoice that a human being should be condemned to death: when such feelings and expressions break forth, the passion of party-spirit governs—prejudicing investigation. Such joy is satanic. God forbid! my conscience is against it," &c. &c.*

* P. A. Fonk, of Cologne, was charged with having murdered a Mr. Cönen of the same place, on the 9th of November 1816; he was twice tried and acquitted: the 3rd of November, 1820, he was arrested again, and, on doubtful evidence, condemned to death by the Treves Assize Court, on 22nd of August, 1822. The king pardoned him in 1823, and moreover paid the whole of the law charges, amounting to above 10,000*l*. Fonk died in 1832.—*TR.*

This tenderness extended to men and things; and, in his long reign of forty-three years, it often came into practice. The world is partially informed thereof, but the extent has never been made public.

Myself, through many years, even to the end of his life, was constantly the instrument of his benevolences. He gave me permission to name the diffident house-poor of the town and my parish—and I forthwith received from himself or private chamberlain Wolter, later Timm, invariably more than requested. Often have I been the bearer of his gifts—carrying in his name help and comfort to the dwellings of poverty and secret sufferings. It was no agreeable affair when, at the request of the sick or dying, I had promised to thank the King for the received kindnesses,—because of the difficulty of enunciating their gratitude in such short and simple manner as to be agreeable to him. The most part, and even best of men, are pleased to hear expressions of thanks; and their faces brighten up at grateful remembrance of favours. With him it was otherwise: he neither expected, desired, nor tolerated acknowledgment of simple charities,—and his countenance became clouded when thanks were in a measure forced on him.

The impoverished widow,—of a major in the army whom he had valued—was for many years the object of his benevolent care. When about to die, she communicated

to me several commissions to the King, and I was forced to give her my hand as pledge that I would bear her grateful thanks to his Majesty for the kindnesses which she had unintermittingly received. After I had fulfilled my promise in a few simple words, he said, half turned away, "It is unpleasant to me to hear these things mentioned. The trifling good that may be in such matters is lost through much talk. You know the beautiful saying, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth!'" He then left me, evidently excited, at the same time passing his hand over his eyes to conceal emotion. I must add, that the widow left behind her several children unprovided for, besides poor relatives. The King ordered detailed enquiries to be made about them, whereupon he sent the required help—but chose in that instance *another* to be the bearer.

One cannot say that his benevolences flowed from a joyous confidence in mankind: for the afflicting and dejecting experiences of the year 1806,—when disloyalty, deceit, weakness, and forgetfulness of duty seized those in whom he had confided, and on whom he had lavished riches, honours, and dignities,—yet who in the hour of danger and necessity, treacherously abandoned him,—had weakened his faith in man; and if later experience of an opposite character again raised and

cheered his confidence, there nevertheless remained in his soul the resonance of what had happened, and it cannot be denied that his caution often bordered on distrust.

This approximation to distrust caused him to appear, so long as things and persons were new to him, reserved, distant, hesitating, and sometimes shy. It was, therefore, characteristic to remark the measuring glance he cast towards those who presented themselves for the first time;—he surveyed them from head to foot as though he would penetrate to their thoughts. Before he let himself into a conversation on the purport of the interview, he put out what I may call his feelers; and if a chain of questions which he sent in advance was not clearly and promptly answered to his satisfaction, he broke off, fixing another day and hour for the business on hand.

It was difficult to obtain his confidence—which could only be acquired by degrees;—he sometimes, with intentions of testing, gave commissions of a nature not likely to proclaim his drift;—he directed his scrutinizing eye towards mind and motive, and only when he considered that all was straightforward and upright, did he turn his heart towards the new candidate. Once possessed of his good opinion, one held it by

frank and honest conduct, for ever :—then was his ear deaf to all inimical insinuations.

His caution was eminently conspicuous when officers were to be chosen for important situations in the departments of State or Church.

Called on to recommend for a responsible ecclesiastical post an able and fully-qualified clergyman,—possessing the requisites of learned theologian, pulpit orator, and active man of business,—I consulted Drs. Knapp and Niemeyer of Halle on the subject, and at length proposed the one we jointly considered most fitting. However urgently I supported my choice by applicable arguments, the King was by no means satisfied. “As to what relates to the proposed person’s learning and scientific knowledge,” said the King, “I must take the judgment of the learned men, who, better understanding *those* matters, have recommended him. So far being in order, it behoves that I should know whether the man is a true Christian, and his moral life exemplary ;—otherwise, talent and learning are unavailable : for evil example destroys the good created by doctrine, and vexations and personal scandal follow ;—so that at last *I* am reproached for having nominated him.”

To such cogent argument I could merely reply, “What passes in the bosom of man, can be only known to the

Omniscient—no mortal can be security for the conscientiousness and moral rectitude of another:—nevertheless, the recommended person has produced distinguished testimonials from credible witnesses, as well as from all his parishioners.” As I added, “Were I not to place faith in such vouchers, then must I place no faith in mankind.” The King said, “As respects pinning one’s faith on the veracity of mankind—there’s not much to boast of in that quarter; my faith thereon is very shaky.” The result was, that after the King had heard him preach,—neither his person, delivery, form, nor contents of his sermon pleased him,—and consequently he was *not* appointed.

The miseries attendant on unsuccessful warfare, had been experienced by the King in manner and measure known to few; he had drunk of the bitter cup to the dregs,—yet never was its bitterness imparted to others. His temper partook of earnest sadness, and in it he embalmed and preserved his mildness: therefore were his benevolences the result of reflection, not of momentary impulse.

Often, when about to be sent on such gracious errands, I have heard him say, “God has helped me; shall I not, with the powers which have been entrusted to me, render help?” In such spirit he thought and did. Walking along Potsdam High Street with

a single adjutant, the latter would spring forward to disperse a swarm of joyous boys who were playing at top on the broad smooth flag-stones, thereby blocking up the King's path; but the King caught the adjutant by the arm, saying as he stepped into the carriage-way, "Have you never played at top!—Such happy children must not be unnecessarily disturbed, and thereby grieved. Our youthful days are few!"—On another occasion, a handsome pastry-cook boy, belonging to Potsdam, was carrying out a cake, when his foot slipping he fell, and smash went the disk;—he was bitterly crying, just as the King happened to pass. Without further remark, the King said to the boy, gently patting his cheek at the same time, "Come along with me!" The lad followed tremblingly. Arrived at the palace, the King desired a handsome dish and a large cake on it, to be brought from the palace confectionary, with which he gladdened the unlucky boy, saying, "More careful in future." Not long after, having desired inquiries to be made,—which turned out in the lad's favour,—the King ordered him to be placed under the palace confectioner.

His Majesty, in officer's undress uniform void of star, whilst walking in Potsdam accompanied by one of his daughters, was followed by a poor boy who knew him not, and who had run beside them for some time

with a basket containing neat little purses, which ever and anon he presented; begging hard that he would buy one. The supposed subaltern officer repulsed the child—who however continued to press a purchase. “Ah, Mr. Lieutenant, do buy *one* purse of me; it only costs six groschen;*—if you don’t want one for yourself, you can make a present to the handsome lady who has hold of your arm!” Again repulsed, the little fellow, sighing from the bottom of his heart, muttered, “Well! we shan’t have any dinner to-day.” The King halted, and took from the urchin’s basket *six purses*, putting at same time a double Fredericks d’or† into the child’s hand.

The lad eyed the piece of gold, and said, “Kind Mr. Lieutenant! pay me rather in groschen, for I’ve no money, and can’t give you change.” Touched by the simple honesty of the child, who with innocent and open countenance looked up at him,—he inquired his name and condition of the family, and was answered: that his mother was a corporal’s widow, with six children—that she lived in a garret at No.—— in —— Street, gaining a scanty livelihood by knitting money-purses. “Then go along home,” said the supposed lieutenant, “and take the piece of money to your mother;—

* About 9d.

† About 36s.

I make her a present of it." Made fortunate by the gift, the poor family were about to partake of a frugal, though more ample meal than usual; when, to their astonishment, one of the King's adjutants entered the cleanly apartment, explained the mystery, and discovered that the boy had spoken truth in all he told his Majesty—all which being confirmed by inquiries made in other quarters—the King had the younger children placed in the Orphan-house, and granted the widow a yearly pension of 100 dollars.

The King's life was full of such traits of mildness and humanity; which if collected would give subjects for a large gallery of *genre* scenes, whereon the sympathizing eye would delight to dwell. Truly, if ever there was man or Ruler, to whom in the fullest sense, the beautiful saying, "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto,*" applied, it was to him.

Mildness and delicate-mindedness are attributes not always meeting in the same person. There are benevolent, worthy, even-tempered men, of rough natures; persons who make no compliments, and are, moreover, abrupt in all they do and say;—they willingly, readily, and abundantly give; but having only the requested help—the circumstance in view—they are uncouth in the manner of conceding the boon.

The good they do is from love of doing good, and they

require no thanks; but they accompany the munificence by marginal notes and exhortations. They help from a pure heart; but they accompany the help by a something that mars the beauty of the deed, and damps the grateful feeling. They raise, but at the same time humiliate; by wounding—perhaps unintentionally—self-esteem and honourable intentions. One stands before such person, thankful and confiding; but bend the eyes downward, and feel the preponderance of the donor. One is benefited,—but wish to be from his presence. One goes away relieved,—yet have lost heart, and desire to be far away.

Frederick I., the father of Frederick the Great, was of a martial and Spartan nature, which in their metallic character petrified;—yet was he a noble and excellent ruler, though often misrepresented. He was more feared than loved, because, with all his good qualities, he was harsh, obstinate, choleric almost to unconscionness, severe, and not seldom cruel. All trembled in presence of that King, even those of his own family; for even when in good humour and playful, he was dangerous. Every one honoured his firmness, justice, and benevolence; but every one said, “Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.” The people under him were contented, but not happy; for the love that should emanate from the throne, filling all hearts with confidence, was

wanting ;—a timid, odious, distrustful manner chilled every one ; and the nation, although become powerful, felt itself far from buoyant and well ;—the flow of blood to the *head* was too strong. Pity ! that so excellent and richly endowed a ruler should have failed of the classical humanity of his renowned Son,—and the accomplished DELICATE-MINDEDNESS of Frederick William III.

Examples will best make that reference clear and convincing. From the many which his life offers, I will relate a few, obtained from eye-witnesses, or which have come under my immediate observation.

The Empress of Russia had presented to her revered father a beautiful Asiatic plant of brilliant colouring, and agreeable odour,—a flower until then unknown in Germany. It was entrusted, according to the directions of Humboldt and Lichtenstein, to the artistical court-gardener, Fintelmann, to be placed in the Palm-house on the Peacock Island, amongst other exotics.

The King, always a friend to botany, took great pleasure in this scarce plant, and named it after his beloved daughter, Charlotte ! Whenever he visited the Island, his first enquiry was, “How thrives my Charlotte ?” which naturally caused two-fold attention to the favourite by the gardener. The public were permitted to visit the Peacock Island two days in every week during summer, and thousands flocked to that delightful spot

to enjoy the privilege and inspect the choice collection of exotics. Who can describe the fright and anxiety of the careful gardener when he discovered that some one had plucked and borne off the flower held in such extraordinary estimation! Irritated and provoked, he rushed through the crowds of visitors, eyeing each individual in hope of discovering the stolen jewel. After fruitless search, he fixed himself at the landing-place by which the visitors must return. He had not waited long when a young and well-dressed man came on, with the identical flower displayed in the button-hole of his coat, apparently unconscious of having done wrong. Seized and questioned as to the robbery, he excused himself on the score of ignorance, and sorely regretted the thoughtless deed. The deeply-offended gardener, who could not be propitiated, dragged the amazed stripling to his dwelling, that in the presence of three witnesses a protocol might be taken of the affair, and documentarily laid before the King, as exculpatory of himself. His Majesty, ere long, came to the Island, and as usual asked "how thrives my Charlotte?"—the court-gardener, with tears in his eyes, related some of the particulars. Though evident displeasure marked the King's countenance, he calmly remarked, "It was unkind to deprive me of that small joy."—"There'll be no end to such

conduct," said the angry gardener, "if your Majesty does not forbid the public visiting the island."

"How can the public help," said the King, "that amongst thousands, an ill-behaved *one* should abuse the permitted liberty? The island was not placed there for me alone; you know I can only find time to visit it occasionally; wherefore then these beautiful and quickly fading flowers,—am I alone to enjoy the sight of them?" The gardener begged that the committed robbery might be examined into, and the offender punished. As he motioned to hand in the protocol, and was about to mention the culprit's name, the King abruptly stopped him, saying, "No, no, I desire not to know his name;—I have an unlucky memory;—hereafter the man may have occasion to ask some favour, and his name causing me to recollect the unpleasant circumstance, tend to his disadvantage. No, no, forgotten is forgiven!"

His strong memory he calls a misfortune, if it retain an unpleasant circumstance which might hereafter prove disadvantageous, even to the perpetrator. Knowing the human heart, and the power of a bitter feeling, he wards off the temptation. He refuses to know the name of the man who had offended him, by destroying his simple joy—not from vexation, not disgust, not hauteur; no, but because the remembrance might occasion a hurtful bias hereafter.

This was not the result of studied reflection, but the rich booty of a severely-proofed life—his mind, his tact, his existence; and therefore was all belonging to him natural, and unadorned. The court-gardener, Fintelmann, further informed me, that the King uttered these sentences without marked intonation—as if it was a matter of course that the affair should be treated in that way, and no other. Breaking off, the King drew his hand over his face, and asked about something else;—never was the vexatious affair again named.

It is widely known that the King treated General von Köckeritz with marked kindness and confidence. He loved him as a friend, and as Adjutant-General he was always about him. This delicate and intimate intercourse was of long standing, and became firmer every year—lasting until Köckeritz's death. It was grounded on sympathy of sentiment, and subsisted by their reciprocal feelings of uprightness and truth. Von Köckeritz, without possessing distinguished talents and scientific knowledge, was a dignified man, of sound and clear understanding, who grasping all the occurrences of life on the practical side, tried them by the standard of public usefulness. Being no friend to abstract theories, he held experience of paramount value: and led by it and its analogies, he knew how to touch the mark, and

to impart good and practical counsel. Without being phlegmatic, his whole being was qualified, calm, and free from movements of passion. He always preserved his earnest and friendly deportment, and well knew the ground whereon he stood. Nature had given him a form and physiognomy that beamed with good-nature, and a voice indicating true-heartedness and philanthropy. Joyous with the joyful, and condolent with the sorrowful, he never disturbed the condition of parties. He became easily intimate, and felt a pleasure in healing dissensions. Of good property—a bachelor, and simple in his mode of living,—he was generous almost to prodigality towards the poor and wretched. The greater portion of his kindnesses, however, were so silently practised, as to be only known since his death. His memory is dear to all who knew him. The King became attached to Köckeritz when only Crown Prince, and soon gladdened him with his confidence.

How complete that confidence was, may be best drawn from a letter which the King, who was then twenty-seven, addressed to him on ascending the throne, viz., the 16th November, 1797,—so interestingly characteristic of the august penman, that, as a remarkable and authentic document, it must not be left unrecorded in this biography.

The royal rescript is in these words :—

“ So long as I have known you, my dear Köckeritz—more particularly during the last years in which I have had daily opportunities of close observation—I have found myself more and more strengthened in the idea that I possess in you a man, who, by means of his noble-mindedness, correct discernment, natural understanding, firm character, and proved integrity, may be able to render me hereafter most distinguished service. On the above grounds, I feel justified in *now* investing you with my whole confidence.

“ I am a young man, who knows as yet too little of the world to depend on himself without fear of being deceived by dishonest men, notwithstanding every caution ; therefore must advice be welcome to me when honestly meant. This good counsel I more particularly expect from you ; and I repeat again, on the grounds above stated.

“ I therefore beg that you will always remain my friend, even as you have been up to this time ; change not your manner of thought and action towards me, and be convinced that I will always remain the same,—be my title what it may. In my present position, I have greater need of a trusty friend and counsellor, than any man. Nothing, however, is more difficult to obtain.

How oft have not good-intentioned rulers erred through want of such, and how often has their choice turned out unfortunate ! That cannot be in respect of you ; I know you too well, and am therefore on sure ground : but permit me to put a question : ‘ Will you always remain the same as now ?—always so think, always so act ? ’ O, do so !—not suffering yourself to be dazzled ;—but keep always on the straightforward path, not permitting yourself through false ambition, nor self-advantage, to be deluded,—nor let yourself be outwitted by false whisperings and fallacious representations.

“ Avoid party-spirit, and act firmly according to your inward conviction,—that is, according to duty and conscience. Do not think, when you read this, that I have the least suspicion that you can possibly get into such bye ways. No, truly not ; I hold such to be impossible with you ; but history teaches loudly, that the best of mankind, when arrived at a certain height, become giddy, and are far from being the same persons they were.

“ Although you, according to inward conviction, feel such change to be impossible, delay not therefore to examine your motives and acts by these tests—remembering always that you also are man, and therefore liable to err. That you possess great knowledge of

mankind,—namely, that you are capable of justly estimating their transactions, their deeds and omissions, I have had the opportunity of proving;—also therein must you help me. None err more in estimating man, than a born Prince; and such is very natural; for every one is habituated and zealous to put themselves off to the best advantage, sagaciously keeping out of sight their blemishes,—ever appearing to the Prince's eyes different to what they really are. The whims and preponderating inclinations of princes are soon learnt, and the clever man has no great difficulty in forming and adopting the most appropriate mask.

“Therefore do I expect, that you will stilly, and without suffering it to be remarked that you have peculiar motives in view, cast about for brave, upright, and intelligent men;—assay them, that I may know in what manner they can be made more available—or better rewarded.

“You must also endeavour to find out what the public opinion is as relates to myself, my measures, and my purposes,—weigh those opinions, and if they have worth in your sight, then speak confidentially with such persons as you believe capable of conversing on the subject matter, void of prejudice and party-spirit, and who are likely to take a right view of things. But as every thing has a good side and a bad side,—the circumstances

must be nicely weighed,—so as to see which preponderates; if the first, then be they brought into operation.

“Crooked and unjust criticism, of which there is never any lack, may be best let alone; more especially when such proceeds from persons who take an erroneous view of things, or are partizans, or have objects of their own, or who censure for the sake of criticizing. We must not suffer ourselves to be irritated on account of such observations, otherwise we effect nothing, and fail to reach the purposed object;—shallow and impertinent judgments are inevitable.

“Therefore one must always act from inward conviction of what is right and just, and, in the end, matters will accommodate themselves.

“When you have made these discoveries,—then I expect of your honest-mindedness, that you will take a fitting opportunity to communicate to me your candid opinion. Be assured, that I will never undervalue your good intentions and intimations,—but endeavour to turn them to beneficial account.

“Yet another weighty matter: and in respect of which I mean to avail myself of your services. After much pondering, I can hit on no better measure for establishing the disordered state of the finances on a well-regulated and firm system, than by selecting ex-

perienced and clever men of business, to form a commission, which shall examine into all the branches of internal government, and then report to me of the crept-in abuses, and of the best means of improvement; that so I may further examine for myself, and make such changes as I think advisable.

“It will be of the utmost importance, that in this examination-commission the members work in unison, and that no party-spirit be mixed up in it, and they be led wholly and solely by that which is for the welfare of the state;—which object must be kept constantly in view, as being the only cause of their being constituted a Commission of examination.

“But, inasmuch as experience has taught, that men of great talent seldom agree; and that much which is disadvantageous occurs through dissensions,—and the good object often lost through the caprice of single members. . . .

“For such president no one is more fitted than yourself. You possess the very character and temper requisite for such post, therefore has my choice fallen on you, requesting you to observe the following:—You will be present at all the conferences, that you may be fully informed and master of the subject-matter discussed, so that you can concisely report the same to me. You know the direction of my mind; should you therefore

observe that they incline to go too far, and thereby risk failure of the good intentions I entertain, . . . and endeavour to reinstate unity.

“Your straightforward understanding, good judgment and coolness, will be the best and readiest means thereto; moreover, you possess the eloquence necessary for such object.

“From all this you observe, that in future you will have a large sphere of action committed to your charge.

“Continue therefore the same upright man you have hitherto been; and, as an honest subject, give me at all times frank counsel.

“You may then be assured of my fullest gratitude: at the same time bear in mind, that what you do, is not alone a favour done to me; but inasmuch as I, to a certain degree, call on you in the name of the State, to be operative for its welfare; you will hereafter have the agreeable conviction and satisfaction of having assisted, not a little, in the weal and advancement of the nation, and thereby deserved the thanks of every well-thinking patriot. For a man of true honour and worthy ambition, there can be no greater or better reward.

“FREDERICK WILLIAM.

“*The 16th November, 1797.*”

This confidential rescript, even now, after a lapse of forty-five years,—when both the writer and the written-to have finished their earthly career, creates agreeable and honourable reflections. One sees clearly and pointedly the sentiments, purposes, and objects that filled the King's soul at the time of his ascending the throne. He knew and felt his high destiny, and was firmly determined to fulfil its duties;—then twenty-seven years of age, and hitherto kept distant from participation in the business of governing, (State affairs,) felt the necessity of a trusty and honest counsellor; and he found such in an acquaintance who had always proved worthy of his confidence. He pours out his full heart artlessly, and without reserve. On the one side, he, with humility, feels the limitation of his powers, and the necessity of help,—on the other, his regal strength and firmness of mind.

So was he as royal stripling; such as young man; and so he remained throughout his eventful and grandiose life. Such was the blossom,—since then we have beheld the fruit; then was he beginning his historical career: and *we* have seen how afterwards he reached the hard struggled-for goal, and the starry crown of Fame. Honour also be to the man, whom he, in the fullest sense of the word, created his veritable privy-counsellor,—perchance in a more intense degree than

was ever the lot of subject—and who knew how to preserve the honourable confidence to his dying day.

Köckeritz accompanied the King after the destructive battle of Jena in 1806, on his melancholy retreat to Königsberg, and participated in the fears and oppressions of that fate-impending time. He staunchly stood by his side during those blows of destiny, and his purity of character, calmness, and mildness, had a balmy effect on the King's heart.

In 1809, he returned with the King to Berlin and Potsdam; and ere long had to participate in his Royal master's soul-anguish on death of the Queen. Thus, by degrees, did time jog on, until this honourable man reached the completion of his fifty years of faithful service. He had no desire for increase of earthly honours; for, beyond the many Orders that decorated the breast of the Lieut.-General, he possessed what surpassed them all—the King's heart!

No friend at any time to honourings and display, he had carefully preserved silence as to the day of his fifty years' service; little foreboding that the King had treasured the same in his memory, purposing to surprise him. Köckeritz's dwelling was well suited for the residence of a bachelor, near the Neustadt-gate, in Potsdam. At dawn of that day he was pleasingly

awakened by the hautboyists of the guards playing a piece of choral music below his window, preparing, as it were, his mind for the solemnity of the occasion.

Soon after, one of the King's adjutants entered his chamber, bringing him a royal rescript, in which the King, in intimate and kindly language, congratulated him on the day. "When I reflect," it said amongst other expressions, "on the manifold examples of loyal devotion and personal attachment which you have openly and honestly shown me for so many years, I find myself incapable of rewarding you in a manner sufficiently expressive of my perfect satisfaction and gratitude. You have not, it is true, as has been the order of the day, served me with propositions, projects, theories, and plans, useless when brought to the standard of practicability, but with your rich experience, which has proved of permanent help to me;—moreover, during the whole of our intimate connexion, I have ever found you a man inspired by sentiments free from alloy,—a man whose intentions have been always straightforward and honest, fearing God, and doing that which is right. As a token of my esteem, I herewith on this the festival of your fifty years' service, confer on you the Order of the Black Eagle, and send you the Decoration, accompanied by

my wish that you will wear it *this* day, and that you may for many years be an ornament to it. Be ever the friend—of your most sincere friend.”

At ten o'clock the King's adjutant and several generals then in Potsdam made their appearance, for the purpose of conducting him to the Lustgarten; where Köckeritz was not a little astounded to find assembled, in parade uniform, the regiments of the Guards,—as well cavalry as infantry.

The King was already on the ground wearing all his orders. Having placed Köckeritz on his right hand, and the General Field-marshal on his left, His Majesty stepped forward and gave the word of command himself, a circumstance which rarely happened. All the troops filed past the astonished and excited veteran, and as they passed, amid the thunder of drums, trumpets, and cannon, the colours of each regiment were waved. The King, for a reason which will anon appear, prolonged this splendid military review.

When finished, the King, after a few impassioned words, embraced his old, tried, and respected friend, in sight of all the troops and the crowds of assembled people. After that the generals and other high officers in the state had wished him joy, the King said, “Now, my dear Köckeritz, in the first place, we mean to conduct you home,—afterwards, take

lunching with you." Köckeritz had never been married, and though his house contained many good sized apartments, and an ample dining-room, it was not so domestically arranged as to admit of entertaining a numerous company on so short a notice—in fact it was impossible, and easily accounted for—inasmuch as he had for many years taken his dinners and suppers with the King.

The first surprise being over, he was inclined to treat the King's expressed intention of lunching with him as a good-natured joke;—but when he found it was meant in earnest, he experienced the most painful embarrassment,—he deprecated the intended honour,—an honour which had never happened to any one before, in the most obligatory language; all which the King good humouredly turned off by saying, "No, no, it is decided,—Gentlemen, we accompany Köckeritz home, and take a comfortable breakfast with him."

"It is really impossible," said the embarrassed Köckeritz; "my confused bachelor-economy is not in a fit state for any such thing." "Why are you not married, then?" retorted the King; "I have often joked you on that head; *now* it is too late,—you shall therefore be punished for the omission to-day." "If it must be so," said Köckeritz in a sorrowful half tone, "I must at least beg of your majesty a delay of four hours, that

I may make the necessary dispositions—there's nothing in the house!—and all my rooms are in disorder;—I cannot possibly receive your majesty *instantanèe*." "Eh, what!" said the King, "a lieutenant-general will surely have a crust of bread and butter and a glass of wine to offer us?—it's all settled!" then turning to his suite, "Come along, gentlemen!"—The whole party put themselves in motion through Broad-street to the Neustadt-gate, Köckeritz all the time in a most disagreeable agitation, not seeing how the thing could be managed. A deep sigh escaping him;—the King jokingly said, "You are rightly served; it would have been infinitely more agreeable to be received by a handsome hostess attended by her children.—Well, we shall see what's to be had at the old bachelor's, and endeavour to treat him as mercifully as possible."

As they approached the house the royal party were greeted by drums and trumpets, and a crowd of the servants of the palace in their gala-liveries were discernible. The steps leading to the door were strewed with flowers,—the dining-room and adjoining chambers tastefully ornamented,—the table elegantly spread, and decorated with costly porcelain—whilst a valuable service of plate covered an abundance of smoking dishes.

The King, on entering the dinner-room, turned to his attendants, and said, with peculiar good nature,

"Would you have surmised this of Köckeritz?—he said there was nothing prepared, and we find all charmingly arranged!" He then took his tried friend by the hand, and placed him next to himself,—the rest were soon seated, and joy and gratitude filled every heart.

When the *déjeuner à la fourchette* was finished,* the King said, "Now, my dear Köckeritz, since we have breakfasted with you—you, and the rest of your guests, must make it convenient to dine with me. But, inasmuch as we have done justice to your hospitality, the dinner shall be ordered for a later hour than usual; and in the mean time, we will take a drive into the country." He then invited Köckeritz into his own carriage, and resuming his natural sombre-silence, requested him to recount his early history;—he did so, mentioning by name his early friends, of whom, only a small remainder were living.

In a few hours, they arrived at Neugarten, where the company were already assembled: but who shall describe the amazement and transport of the honest veteran, when he beheld on entering the banqueting-hall, the only three surviving friends of his youth, whom the King had managed to bring together from distant places, and who now stood with open arms to receive

* It will be understood, that, as a matter of course, the china, glass, silver service, &c. was a present from the King to the jubilated host.

him?—an exhilarating scene from the realities of human life.

The King's eye rested on them, whilst a ray of satisfaction, at all having so well sped, enlivened his countenance. Then, that the hearts of the four old warriors of the Seven Years' War might revive, he ordered the band to strike up the exhilarating "Des-sauer March;" and at table, where Köckeritz and his friends sat near him, the King successfully awaked merriment and good humour.

Be it understood, that the King, knowing from former recitals, all the incidents of Köckeritz's life, and the names of his remaining early comrades, had, under command of secresy, invited them to the festival some days before.

Generally speaking, all who participated in the King's esteem and confidence, clung to him with unbounded devotion; none, even intimates after many years' intercourse, ever committed an obtrusive familiarity: and his trusty servants who felt themselves free in his presence, were, by the calm power of his sombre-mildness and strict morality, kept, as if instinctively, within their respective limits.

General von Köckeritz, who belonged to my parish, and with whom I was on intimate terms, has often told me, *that during his many years of confidential inter-*

course with the King, he had never seen or heard an action or word that could for a moment lessen the profound and respectful esteem he had for him.

An official, who had rendered good service to his country, and on that account highly esteemed by the King—died. He had, partly through the position he held—more perhaps from inclination, kept an expensive establishment, and loved the joys of the table. The worthy man had not been buried many weeks, when several chests of *first quality* Champagne, containing 1,000 bottles, arrived in Berlin, in pursuance of a previous order—invoiced at two dollars per bottle. The commission-house in Berlin duly informed his son and heir, who lived in the country, of the circumstance, and the amount of invoice and charges. After much correspondence, the son did not find it convenient to accept the wine. The agent laid the matter before the King, and petitioned His Majesty to purchase the choice wine for the royal cellar. At first the King frowned; but quickly recovering his placidity, said to his private chamberlain Timm, “I cannot permit a scandal to sully the fair name of that statesman. The wine he *ordered* must be paid for—I shall pay the merchant on account of the deceased;—but, doing so, the wine will become a portion of his property, and belong of right to the heirs!—so be it. I charge you

to see the affair arranged." That took place: the merchant was immediately paid, and the son received the wine his departed father had ordered.

This delicacy of feeling became with time an habitual portion of his being, accompanying even reproof. At a court-dinner, the ambassador of a great power, seated opposite him, allowed himself to speak of a meritorious Prussian officer recently dead, as were his services very problematical, thereby casting a shade o'er his memory. The King looked earnestly at the speaker, and said, "Would you express yourself equally disparagingly of the deceased were he alive?—absentees, not being able to defend themselves, ought not to be attacked; least of all, one who stands before the Omniscient Judge:—the person you have censured, was better known to me,—he deserved well of his country, and I honour his memory."

In that year, 1818, when hearts were still full of the late victorious times,—the Dowager Empress of Russia, Maria Feodorowna,* finding old age advance apace, had visited the country of her birth; and from Stuttgart announced her purpose of visiting the King on her return to Russia.

* She was a Princess of Wurtemberg, and the widow of Paul, Emperor of Russia, consequently the mother of the Emperor Alexander and the present Emperor Nicholas, and much beloved for her many virtues.

To our King she was peculiarly endeared, because of her motherly love to his daughter, then Grand Duchess, *now* Empress of Russia.

To show the illustrious lady, during her presence in Potsdam, a signal mark of his grateful esteem was his heart's desire.

Fortunately, it so happened, that the imperial mother had fixed on the 23rd of December for her arrival in Potsdam. The 24th was Christmas Eve, and also the birth-day of the Emperor Alexander. This happy coincidence determined the King to celebrate the natal day of his friend, relative, and ally, by a religious festival,—which proved most unexpected and comforting to the pious heart of the imperial mother.

The King sometimes took pleasure in operating a surprise; on such occasions, he knew how to mask his purpose so well, that the parties petitioning have left his presence thinking the boon all but refused: having put aside the application by the laconic remark, “the thing is hardly feasible!” when, in reality, acquiescence was only suspended until he thought the moment arrived, in which the recipient's joy would be greatest.

From amongst numerous examples I will produce one, relative to the University of Halle, and its then Chancellor, Dr. A. H. Niemeyer.

Niemeyer had been long personally known to and

esteemed by the King,—even since the time of his passing through Halle with the Queen—soon after ascending the throne—on which occasion he alighted at his house, and visited the Orphan Establishment and Pedagogium. As a mark of his great confidence, he had granted him the diploma of Consistorial-councillor, with a seat and vote in the ministry for conducting Ecclesiastical and School affairs. When weighty matters were about to be discussed, Niemeyer was *specialy* summoned to attend, and the King placed great reliance on his opinions.

When, in 1806, Napoleon possessed himself of Halle, Niemeyer was offered the honourable appointment of Upper Consistorial-councillor in Berlin; and later—on occasion of founding the University—that of Professor of Theology. He declined both, because he felt it to be his duty to watch over the interests of Franke's establishment, of which he was the director. From the rank he held, he was qualified, and chosen one of the Deputies in the newly-erected Kingdom of Westphalia; and as such, often visited Cassel, where he became known to King Jerome and his ministry, more particularly to John Müller; and therefore had many opportunities of benefiting Halle, the town of his birth, in respect of its scientific institutions; that he did so

honestly, cheerfully, and disinterestedly, facts and documents have amply revealed.

But Niemeyer experienced the lot of most distinguished men;—their names have to stand the brunt of evil and good report, they are loved and hated, honoured and derided, praised and reproached, exalted and trodden under foot. Niemeyer was charged with an ambiguous tergiversation, in unworthily approximating the new Napoleon Dynasty; he was publicly and loudly charged with lending a barbaric hand to the destruction of the Pedagogium belonging to the cloister in Berg, and annihilation of the University of Helmstädt.

But when it was known that he had received the order of the Westphalian crown from King Jerome—and actually wore it—his opponents became more bitter; and his after-deportation from France, by order of Napoleon, did not mitigate their anger—for they only saw in that arrestation and removal, the just punishment of his vanity and double-tonguedness.

The King, inaccessible to slander and calumny, participated not in the prejudicial judgment passed on Niemeyer by his opponents—on the contrary, he held firmly to the favourable opinion he had previously formed of him. After the glorious termination of the war, when matters were brought back to their old standing, and all

acquired fresh life, the King gave Niemeyer his former unqualified confidence, and confirmed his appointment to the Chancellorship of the University in Halle, made during the Napoleon domination. What more particularly caused the King to retain his good opinion, was the losses and sufferings Niemeyer had undergone in the last seven years, owing to his strenuous support of the establishment founded by A. H. Franke : for the King's piety sympathised with the Christian spirit, which that celebrated man had breathed into his institutions. The King honoured and wished to preserve them ; therefore did he refuse all propositions for erecting new educational buildings, declaring that it was better to assist those which were preserved,* than to found others, that might prove problematical. At Niemeyer's instigation, the King gave large sums for the re-establishment of those in Halle, so that Frederick William III. may be said to be the second founder of the A. H. Franke's Institutions. At that time Niemeyer often came to Berlin and Potsdam, and the King gave him long private audiences ; he was a man, who from personal appearance, learning, manners, and temper, was well fitted for the highest society.

* Until the downfall of the Napoleon Dynasty, the Town and University of Halle were under Jerome, forming part of the kingdom of Westphalia.

On the morning of the 29th March, 1827, Niemeyer entered my room, saying, "God be with you, my dear friend!—I have a weighty matter at heart; therefore am I come,—I want your counsel and help. For many years I have thought on, and wished that the King would graciously please to present Halle with a University similar to those in Berlin and Bonn, namely, that he would give us the necessary funds for suchlike building. You know our old tumble-down place of study, the heretofore Weigh-house!—I once hinted the matter to His Majesty, but he did not take: now, there is a good occasion for putting the affair in motion again. Next 18th of April, God willing, is my academical jubilee. I desire for myself no honorary distinction or pecuniary increase; I have enough, and more than I have deserved, and am besides, near the end of my career;—but I should be unspeakably delighted if the King, in his great graciousness, would make my jubilee the occasion for presenting to our University such a building *in sempiternam memoriam*. How is it to be brought about? You are friendly to Halle, and speak in enthusiastic terms of the happy days you spent when studying there; therefore you must assist me: I hear the King is now in Potsdam. How can we best get at him?"

After we had talked the matter over, I wrote to Privy Councillor Albrecht, and requested he would obtain a

private audience for Niemeyer. The King did not consent thereto ; but had us both invited to dinner. This made Niemeyer apprehensive, and doubtingly ask, "how will it turn out?"—I replied, "you must delay to prefer your suit until after dinner, when it is the King's custom to converse singly;—we will isolate ourselves, taking position in the recess of one of the distant windows in the great audience-hall, and await the favourable moment: in such spot I have preferred many a petition with happy results—in this instance let us hope the best."

The next day at the appointed hour we arrived together at the palace, and found in the assembling-room a brilliant company. When the King entered, on seeing Niemeyer, he welcomed him, extending his hand: a very unusual courtesy.

At table, the marshal seated Niemeyer opposite the King, who directed his chief discourse to him; amongst other things asking of matters relative to Halle. Niemeyer's eminent talent for social conversation developed itself most amiably; he knew how, with adroitness, to improve any observations that dropped from the King by agreeable remark, and to dilate, without losing the thread of the conversation;—he told lively anecdotes of his deportation-journey under Napoleon; spoke intellectually on the properties and constitution

of Oxford University, and was withal so unembarrassed, and happy in the choice and timing of his observations—at the same time so courteous in manner and elegant in diction,—that the King listened to him with marked pleasure.

After dinner we placed ourselves in the appointed recess. Before long the King approached us with visible good-will, saying to Niemeyer, “you have greatly interested me—I thank you;—what do you bring to Potsdam?”—“Alas,” replied Niemeyer, “I bring nothing; I would willingly take something *from* Potsdam—a royal favour!”—“Well, what is it?” With the utmost reverence, but at the same time with manly worthiness and position, Niemeyer in a subdued voice petitioned for a royal donation to build a substantial University in Halle; which he backed by such convincing reasons, that his address evidently made a favourable impression on his Majesty.

Therefore was the King’s sonorous reply unexpected: “If I remember rightly, you have spoken to me on this subject before; perhaps some new and *more* urgent cause has arisen?”

“May it please your Majesty—the most urgent cause,” replied Niemeyer, “is the approaching 18th of April, on which day I shall have been 50 years at College. For myself I have nothing to ask or wish,—

for, through God's mercy and your Majesty's kindness, I have been loaded with undeserved favours. But for the University, which purposes to celebrate my jubilee, I hope for the gracious vouchsafing of the petitioned-for royal boon. Your Majesty's gracious gift would immortalize the festival, and fill all hearts with joy and thankfulness."

The King's countenance brightened,—in a reflecting manner he placed his hand to his chin, and drawlingly said, "so, next 18th of April!—I congratulate you from my heart, and wish you many happy years to come. Well," he continued pleasantly, "so the short meaning " of the long address is, *pecunia*:—you see I know a little Latin. One of my ancestors was wont to say: *Non habeo pecuniam*. The erection of a university, if it is as it should be, costs much money;—the matter is hardly feasible!"—"But it brings a blessing," said Niemeyer;—I added my grateful testimony in favour of Halle. The King however did not enter further into the affair, but closed the interview by abruptly leaving us,—dismissing the company soon afterwards.

Niemeyer looked woe-begone, and sighed out, "*Oleum et operam perdidit!*"—He seemed inclined to give up all hope, for the damper placed on his jubilee-harp had unstrung him. "What will my colleagues in Halle

say, who, acquainted with the object of my journey, hoped with myself for a more propitious result !"—

Not long after, I was commissioned by Minister Altenstein, in name of the ministry for ecclesiastic and educational affairs, to proceed to Halle, and present to Niemeyer, on the festival of his jubilee, its salutations. Eight days before the festival, the King said to me, "When do you purpose arriving in Halle." I answered, "If not earlier, certainly two days previous to the 18th; because by witnessing the preparations, I shall acquire the proper festal humour for concocting the speech which the ministry expected me to deliver on that occasion."

"Good," rejoined the King; "I thought you might possibly be journeying later;" hastily adding, "a pleasant trip to you—greet Niemeyer in my name."—I felt I could not urge anything relative to the University-building.

On my arrival I found every one joyfully occupied, preparing for the festal 18th,—save the professors, who deplored the non-attainment of a royal grant,—which would have made the occasion remarkable.

But who shall correctly depict the joyous amazement of all on the night of the 17th ?—a courier arrived from Berlin, bearing a Cabinet rescript for Niemeyer, in which the King cordially wished him joy, adding: "that for the erection of an appropriate building for the Uni-

versity, he had granted 40,000 dollars.*—Niemeyer read the royal rescript again and again, with emotion and tears of joy,—and his assembled friends, with hearts full of thankfulness, struck up the precious old chaunt :
Domine, fac saluum regem !

The preparations proceeded joyously,—and the University, and all the towns-people of Halle, felt themselves honoured, endowed, and gladdened through Dr. Niemeyer. Thus, at the right hour,—in the most appropriate moment, the King granted what he had before waived, with seeming disinclination ; that he might make the favour he intended more pleasing through surprise ;—the solicited posy was not to fade and lose its sweetness by several weeks' exposure, but to be presented on the festal day with the pearly dew of morning on it : when he reflectively said to Niemeyer, “ So, on the 18th of April,” he had already made up his mind as to how and when he would vouchsafe the boon requested.

Yet one proof of the King's premeditated and considerate delicate-mindedness,—in itself embracing all that I have offered on that head—remains to be told : it proves that such was not a quickly-passing flash of feeling or lively fancy, as with most men ; but a firm and deeply-founded characteristic, evidencing how calmly

* This sum was greatly increased during the building.

he could entertain an intention, years before manifestation.

I have long doubted of the propriety of making the circumstance public—inasmuch as it intimately relates to myself; but as the alto-relievos of the King's character throw into shade the bas-relievos of others—and as twenty-four years have already elapsed since the circumstance happened, and I moreover become a greybeard of seventy-three years,* when the prismatic colourings of vain life lose their brilliancy at the near prospect of the tomb;—I will not depart from this world without increasing thereby my sacrifice of reverence and gratitude, to the manes of the immortal King, for the delicate kindness and grace—ininitely beyond my poor deserts—which he displayed towards me for thirty-five years,—even to his death.

In the year 1815, I felt that the conditions of my service oppressed my mind; not so much from the quantity, as from the multiplicity and heterogeneousness of the official duties committed to my charge,—which, rendering my time and powers fractional, brought on a sadness until then unknown to me.

As Court and Garrison preacher, and pastor of a respectable and numerous parish,—besides constant visitors

* Probably written in 1842.

—I had every alternate Sunday to do service in the church, morning and afternoon—daily to instruct a multitude of children in the principles of Christianity—to manage the church property—to appoint thereto officials,—and take care of the poor. The inspection of preachers and governesses for the widow Institution was also my affair, and that brought me into a permanent exchange of letters with expectant clergymen and governesses belonging to the province. I took part also in the pedagogic business of the great military orphan-house, and was superintendent, and Consistorial councillor in the government of the province:—this portion of my functions it was—although undertaken with ardour—which chiefly oppressed me,—for it alone, if duly attended to, would have amply engrossed my time.

A new life had been thrown into the church and school affairs, through the direction and labours of the excellent presidents, von Bincke, von Bassewitz, Maassen,—and the upper Consistorial counsellor, Natrop, who, working thereon with power, endurance, and devotion, had incited his colleagues to unceasing exertion. Notwithstanding all my endeavours, I could make no advance; for although I took a lively interest in the matter itself, I found the forms, and all therewith con-

nected—such as dry voluminous acts, tables, controls, revisions, re-revisions, long sittings and debates,—so contrary to my nature, that I felt harnessed, and laboured *invitâ Minervâ*.

Cleaving to the origin of the Christian Church and her apostolic formation with love and attachment; I felt no sympathy for such bureaucratic machinery;—certain, should the Master of the Church hold visitation, he would, as heretofore in the Temple, overturn the tables and drive out the traders.

With affright I was aware, that the calmness produced by undisturbed ascetic study, refreshed by solitary country walks,—which previously in Hamm, and in the commencement of my appointment to the cure of souls in Potsdam, had caused me to go through my duties with animation and joy, abated; so that what was once to me a lively desire, became alas! a forced obligation. I strove against the feeling; but if I succeeded in bringing back genius enough to pen a sermon, it was forced away again by interruptions and annoyances incidental to so complicated a service. A review of a volume of my sermons, published about that time, remarked,—“The author of these Pulpit Addresses preached better sermons in Hamm than in Potsdam, In those one could see the out-gushings of an overflowing

heart ; in these nothing but homilistic studies." The critique saddened and humiliated me, because I was conscious of its truth.

A cloudy hypochondriacal state of mind ensued, increased by the residue of a nervous fever, which I caught whilst visiting the hospitals. The post of a country clergyman had ever been the ideal of my wishes, and my desire for more quiet and simpler appointment amounted almost to yearning : but, just at this time, through a sudden death, the place of fourth chaplain in the Cathedral in Berlin became vacant. As such chaplaincy promised a more homogeneous and less occupied life, I determined to ask of the King the presentation.

Not without long and painful conflict with myself could I decide. The office I held in the Court and Garrison church was of greater emolument, and had personal preferences,—inasmuch as it is a royal endowment,—the King the absolute patron, and the Ecclesiastical minister, *de jure*, the only mediate authority. Add to which, the church in Potsdam, since its erection by Frederick William I., has ever been the reigning King's place of worship, so that its chaplain, in an evangelical sense, is the King's father-confessor. Moreover, Frederick William III. felt attached to that fabric, attending it regularly every Sunday, even in winter leaving Berlin for that purpose. Throughout the coun-

try there was no better church patron, and the King was always satisfied with my unworthy endeavours.

To be translated to Berlin I should therefore sacrifice many privileges. But what are externals, if joy of office is wanting?—my hypochondriacal state of mind repulsed contentment!

In those days I looked through a clouded glass; and the advantage of a comfortable glebe-house, with pleasant garden reaching down to the Havel, was no longer regarded. I required and sought inward peace from outward position, as if true happiness were only to be found in that direction.

With anxious expectation I looked forward to His Majesty's reply to my request; for owing to the regularity the King had introduced, a Cabinet answer usually followed in eight to twelve days. Four weeks elapsed without my receiving a communication, although in the mean-time I had had several royal mandates to effectuate in respect of ecclesiastical matters;—moreover, the King had attended church as usual;—but I was no longer invited to the royal table. From the privy-councillor, Albrecht, I learnt that no such document had come before him,—and I might therefrom infer that my petition had been displeasing at head-quarters.

I could remain no longer in suspense,—so requested a private audience of his Majesty, which was granted;

but, instead of being immediately conducted into the King's apartments by the adjutant in attendance as heretofore, I was shown into the audience-hall, and desired to wait. At length the King entered, and eyeing me from head to foot, spoke as follows:—

“I have purposely held back my answer to the paper you sent, in hope that you would reconsider the matter, and withdraw the petition. Is it still your will and wish to be appointed to the cathedral in Berlin? The clerical gentlemen there advance by seniority as vacancies occur, which is only fair; consequently, you will be the junior—namely, the fourth. Here you are the first; reflect therefore on what you are doing!” I replied, “May it please your Majesty, my humbly presented petition is free from by-considerations of ambition or avarice; were such my views, I should desire to remain in Potsdam, for I shall be a loser by the exchange. But as I am convinced that thereby I shall be a gainer in respect of internal calmness and joy; and through the greater simpleness of my official duties there, regain that power of unity which my present complicated and heterogeneous service has deprived me of;—I still entertain my well-considered wish.”

“That wish,” said the King sternly, “proceeds—to be candid with you—from commodiousness. Diversity of employment is no proof of heterogeneity. You may,

and ought to bring all your varied occupations under the one head—‘churchly piety’—and then you will find the homogeneous unity you so much desire. Manifoldness and variety if properly divided, compartmented, and worked upon with calmness, will combine, and produce in the end harmonious unity: but thereto exertion and perseverance are requisite, which should be evinced so long as one is capable. You are still in your best years—amongst the forties?—But you are hypochondriacal, and deceive yourself relative to your position here, and what it may be in Berlin. I mean well towards you. Your desire to be translated to the cathedral is a mental maggot. You will repent of it. But man’s will is—at least for the moment—his heaven; you shall have the appointment.”

With that the King departed—shutting the door in a louder manner than usual. Confounded, humiliated, and alone in the great hall, I could have wept!—So had I never seen the King—so had I never heard him speak! If in private life it is painful to have been the cause of aggravating and filling with displeasure a noble-minded person, whom one honours and loves—it is frightful and truly dejecting, when such happens in the delicate relationship of sovereign and subject. However severe and displeased the King appeared to be, it was still evident that his anger proceeded from a kindly feeling, and that

he wished me well. I felt deeply afflicted, and would probably have requested permission to withdraw my petition—had he given me opportunity, by not leaving the hall so precipitately.

Now it was too late; the dice were thrown, the matter decided;—and in four days I received from the Minister of State my appointment.

After I had engaged a commodious dwelling in Berlin for my family, and imparted my changed position to the venerable Bishop, Dr. Sack, and my other friends,—I started off for the place of my birth in the province of Mark, in pursuance of the physician's advice, and my long-cherished desire; and there I sojourned happily for several weeks, surrounded by my relatives and former acquaintances.

Who can explain what in *that* spot can be
That so attracts—that so enchanteth me?—
Is't that the air is sweeter—sky more clear?—
The fields more green?—or boyhood-haunts more dear?*

Atmosphered by the breath of love, friendship and truth,—at home, encircled by my former parishioners—and those whom in my early manhood I had instructed in virtue; I felt free from all that oppressed and limited intellect, and truly enjoyed myself both in body and mind.

* From the Codrus of Cronigk. part I., page 185.

The dark clouds dispersed, and I was refreshed. But ere long I began to reflect on the past, and to look into the future;—often employing my thoughts with the question, “Hast thou not done wrong—thus self-sufficiently to meddle with thy course of life and destiny?”—and I felt the inward monitor say, “Thou wilt run from God’s school; that will never do!”

In this uneasy state of mind was I, when on a serene summer morning,—being at that time on a visit to a friend who resided in Hamm—I chanced to open the Bible at the 28th chapter of Isaiah, and I cast my eyes on the 16th verse,—reading to the end of the chapter, I was particularly struck with the latter part of the 16th, 19th and 29th verses. As I ponderingly repeated the words, “He that believeth shall not make haste,” a messenger sent from where I usually sojourned, delivered to me a letter just arrived by the post. It was a Cabinet rescript; the contents as follows:—“The enclosed original petition contains not only the desire of the parishioners belonging to the Court and Garrison church, but also of the citizens of Potsdam in general, that you would return to your former official church duties; and not think of changing them for those of the Cathedral in Berlin. With pleasure I am acquainted thereby, that your ministration has not been without advantage, and a blessing;—I therefore consider the

giving up of old and tested connexions—which carry with them respect and confidence, for new combinations, whose results may be uncertain, a matter for grave consideration. You will act advisedly to remain in Potsdam.”

Feelings of astonishment and gratitude seized me;—the letter fell from my hands; and deeply affected, I stood in earnest counsel with myself. It was more than I could have thought, hoped, or expected;—such kindness I deserved not!—Although I felt conscious of having honestly fulfilled, according to my poor abilities, the duties committed to my charge, I nevertheless thought my then ten years’ cure of souls in Potsdam, and my intimacy with parishioners and towns-people, were circumstances of too isolated, distant, and cold a nature to occasion such great personal interest in my change of clerical position, and residence. What I did for the town in the unfortunate years 1807, 1808, and 1809, was small in comparison of the aid rendered by humane persons in distant parts,* consequently I

* The author, in those years, published and widely disseminated several ascetic trifles and single sermons, for the benefit of the suffering inhabitants of Potsdam, who, under the oppressive weight of the French soldiery, had become so poor, that every fourth man was a beggar. In consequence, unexpected support came in from all parts of Germany, particularly Frankfort, every month, so as to reach the monthly amount of 5,500 dollars, wherewith, under

believed my agency to be long forgotten.—I felt thankfulness towards them ;—and in the King's gracious communication I recognized and honoured a command, which should govern my conduct ; the powerful word of God was before me—"He that believeth shall not make haste!"* To remain, to labour on with fresh strength, and to bear with resignation the bitter and oppressive, was my determination. With renewed health I hurried back to Potsdam—with much emotion thanked the King for his graciousness,—and on the next Sunday I preached before my parishioners.

About the end of 1817, the aged and venerated Bishop Sack died. Of all the clergymen belonging to the monarchy, Bishop Sack, as successor to his celebrated father, had been for a series of years more the intimate of Royalty, than any of his predecessors, or likely to be the lot of any future Court chaplain. He had baptized, instructed, confirmed, and married the late King,—baptized all the royal children born in Berlin ; and lastly, instructed and confirmed the Crown Prince, our now beloved Sovereign.

the management of the "Poor-Directory," a Rumford soup-establishment was erected, and a large proportion of the miserably poor supported.

* "Wer glaubet, der fliehet nicht."—As usual, Luther's version is clearer, and more nervous than our English translation.—Tr.

Sack enjoyed the King's full confidence,—possessing all the qualifications requisite thereto in a high degree. He was a learned theologian, firm and positive in his faith, yet liberal and mild in the practice of it,—withal frank and bold in avowal, when the rights of the Free Evangelical Church required defending. He courageously opposed the Examination Commission under the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, Wöllner; and declared openly and freely that, as an honest man, he could not sympathize with the promulgated Religion-Edict, because he found its formal limitations incompatible with the Gospel; and as his remonstrances proved unavailing, he requested, though then in his last years, with manly strength and spirit—his dismissal.*

* This frankness and indomitableness of character he inherited from his deceased father and predecessor, who having to christen a child of Prince Ferdinand's for whom Frederick the Great stood godfather—the monarch said to Sack when all was ready. “He may begin, but mind he cuts the homily short!” That baptismal address, although short compared with what was usual in those times, proved nevertheless too long for Frederick, who ceased to give it his attention,—talking rather loudly to the princes standing near him. What did Sack do? He fixed his eyes on the King and stopped—remaining silent so long as the King continued to talk to his neighbours;—all present were astounded, and thought some bodily cause was the reason. Frederick asked: “Is anything the matter with him?”—Sack answered calmly and firmly, yet in excited tone, “It is the duty of a servant and subject to be silent when your Majesty speaks.” Frederick felt the rebuke, and replied, “Well, let him leave off growling, and bring the

It was found, in respect of public opinion, as expressed in Berlin and throughout the country, relative to this revered man, unadvisable to accept of his resignation; the matter was therefore arranged, by releasing him from all responsible participation in that portion of the affairs of the Church, as was contrary to his conscientious opinion.

One of the most remarkable and last of Bishop Sack's clerical duties, was the confirmation and consecration of the Crown Prince; memorable on account of the political moment when it took place—namely, the 20th January 1813, in the palace at Potsdam.

The King's determination, with God's help and his people's loyalty, to throw off the French yoke was fixed although not promulgated,—and at that moment about to be acted on :—for, on the 22d January, two days after

matter to a close!" But Sack began the address again at the beginning, and delivered it with dignity and serenity, no longer interrupted by the King. As according to the baptismal ceremony, the babe must be held by Frederick,—the King advanced rashly with the child in his arms, but coming too near the wax candles, which were numerous on this occasion (owing to the many royal god-fathers and godmothers present, who each held one), the fringes of the babe's dress caught fire,—which however was quickly extinguished by the ladies in waiting. Frederick, intent on revenging himself on Sack, and not unapt at biblical texts; after the ceremony was over, said: "Does he see, he baptized with water; I with fire." Sack retorted, looking steadfastly at the eagle-eyed King, "Yes, your Majesty; but not with the fire of the Holy Spirit."

the confirmation of the Crown Prince, the King—not without great personal danger, surrounded as he was on all sides by French soldiery—left Potsdam with all the Princes of his house, for Breslau in Silesia ; which he intended should be the focus for assembling and organizing his army : his Guards having orders to follow shortly afterwards. The confirmation of the heir-apparent therefore took place, when it was about to be decided whether the monarchical throne of Prussia should be further abased, perhaps abolished—or restored to its former strength.

All who were invited to the ceremony—viz., ministers, generals, privy-councillors, clergy, &c. &c.,—felt the solemn occasion, and the profound meaning of the holy business under such circumstances.

The Crown Prince stood beside Bishop Sack at the altar,—the whole royal family forming a half circle, in the centre of which was his august father,—and every eye was directed towards the royal stripling, then seventeen years old.

The Prince answered the questions put to him frankly and firmly ; and as one could evidently see, not so much from memory of what he had learnt, as from presence of mind and own opinion. Sack, systematically proceeding with the train of fundamental truths of Christianity, and advanced to the provings under the

head of Faith and Divine Providence;—put this question to the Crown Prince: “And how should this faith in God’s all-encompassing, all-wise, and kind government of the world, operate on you under the present dark and mysterious epoch?” .

The Prince, feeling the immense importance of the question, and what depended on the avowal, heroically answered:—

“This faith—should and will exalt me, strengthen me, and give me confidence;—firmly and serenely I believe in Him who said: ‘Hereunto, and no farther!—here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’ I believe in the All-Righteous, who suffers the holy light to break joyfully on the upright heart. The aurora of a happier day appears. I hope with a gladsome confidence that an Almighty and Gracious God will be with my royal father, and with his house, and with his loyal people. Amen.” All present were electrified, and deep emotion was relieved by tears.

The culminating point of the holy festival had arrived; therefore Sack, with his usual correct and pure tact, perceiving that anything further would be comparatively flat and ill-timed, merely added to the Prince’s ‘Amen!’ a pathetic prayer, and gave him the benediction;—thereon, the consecrated heir-apparent fell with childlike piety on the affectionate breast of his agitated Father.

The following day, the Crown Prince received the Sacrament, and the day after, they departed for Breslau,—resolved to struggle to the last with the powerful Oppressor of nations.

After this episode, I come back to what occurred on Bishop Sack's death, showing how the King, had long purposed a benevolence towards myself.

Whether the title of Bishop conferred on Dr. Sack was a personal favour intended to cease with his death, or to be carried over to other members of the National Evangelical Church in succession, was problematical. The former opinion appeared likely, as the King said nothing to the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, on the subject.

Who can describe my surprise, when I received, on the 18th January 1818, a Cabinet rescript, appointing me Bishop in the Evangelical National Church!—Habited in my official dress, I went to the King, on his arrival in Potsdam. Entering his cabinet, he addressed me in the following words:—

“So have I wished, and long intended. But you almost deprived me of the satisfaction, when a few years ago you would resign your duties here, for an appointment in the Cathedral. Had that your urgent desire been consummated, *this* could not have been brought about, for as fourth Cathedral preacher, I could not

have created you Bishop, without wounding the feelings of other worthy men. By remaining in Potsdam, and succeeding to the more important position, the matter became regular; more particularly so, as you are in service and age, the senior of those in the Cathedral. To have told you earlier of my intentions would have been against my principles, since everything in life depends on connecting circumstances, which time alone develops. Several years are elapsed since then, and I am satisfied with your exertions, and the assistance you have rendered me in respect of the Church-union. Also, the deceased Bishop, on his death-bed, informed me through the privy-councillor Albrecht, that he wished me to appoint you his successor; moreover I yesterday received a letter, signed by many clergymen belonging to your native province, expressive of their joy at my election having fallen on you. All this is very agreeable and comforting to me; it now rests with you to justify my choice. As my personal Bishop, you will approach me nearer than heretofore, and I shall make use of your services in all clerical affairs coming immediately before the cabinet:—on that subject you may speak with Albrecht. From this you will infer that my favour has been, and still is, towards you. I see you are excited; take good heart, and trust in God. Henceforth, you may frankly and honestly tell me the

dictates of your heart ;—we will commune together, and all will go well.”

With that the King quitted the room, and I was glad to be alone ; for I was completely unstrung. Now could I look back with thankfulness, and clearly see how my gracious Master had long meditated on benefiting me, even *then*, when I unwittingly strove against his good intentions. Is it possible for a noble, high-minded father to treat an opposing son with greater kindness and forbearance than in this instance the master displayed towards the servant, the King towards the subject ?—The depth and treasure of his noble and generous character was unveiled and open before me. From that moment my whole heart's gratitude was his ; my full and unqualified confidence was dedicated to him : and in cases when he appeared to me incomprehensible, I suspended my judgment, quietly awaiting the issue ; and never, during a thirty-five years' experience, have I found my faith in him shaken. His keen insight into matters was clearer and deeper than mere political understanding is capable of ; for then, when combinations and calculations arrived at a stand-still, there dwelt in him a higher presentiment of the forthcoming, and therewith a resignation and tranquillity, that enabled him firmly and calmly to investigate ; in every instance, he knew how to await the appropriate time for develop-

ment. The pulsation of his heart was delicate-mindedness: and from that source arose his MAGNANIMITY.

Of the noble virtues possessed by reigning monarchs, magnanimity appears to me to be that which costs least, and is most easily attained: by birth and position raised above others, they are free from the movements of envy, and its secret promptings and grievings,—for they come not into collision with the wrangling passions of man. They neither know nor experience what other classes of mankind are unavoidably, and permanently, doomed to undergo in their transactions with their fellow-men:—surrounded by a crowd of devoted attendants and servants,—what they hear is for the most part the agreeable: even should adverse opinions be publicly expressed; they remain for them a secret, if within the fine and well-masked influence of intellectual flatterers. Does however, under circumstances of such watchfulness and limitation, aught intrude to excite their anger—it more generally relates to matter, than person:—so situated, it is no great affair to show magnanimity.

The important truth, that Providence working silently and for the most part unremarked by us, moves worldly circumstances,—is sometimes peculiarly visible.

Who could have surmised that the most abasing epoch in the King's life, embraced in itself a rich fruition

for the future; and that just then, a man should present himself as co-operator, who, of all others, best suited the King's individuality; and who possessed the ability to nurture the germinating seed of state-regeneration, that lay in the heart of the heavily-tested Monarch?

If the then mighty Napoleon, carrying in his bosom the harassing inmate of all usurpers, was so quailed and hunted by secret fear, as to demand and obtain as a condition of peace, the dismissal of the minister, v. Stein, whom he foresaw might be dangerous to him; he nevertheless had no presentiment of the hidden treasure that was concealed in the heart of a single-minded clergyman in Königsberg,* whose name, had it reached the ears of the despoiler, would have been thought unworthy of his scorn and derision.

The road to the exalted height which he eventually reached, was long, steep, and thorny; such as few kings have trodden: and the measure of his bitter trial was so great, and upheaped, that we have no standard by which it can be correctly estimated. By the battle of Jena the whole monarchy was shattered, and fell into fragments, without the power of self-support. Everything rocked, as if undermined by a frightful earthquake, and the burst-out hurricane bent

* Dr. Borowsky. See Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III.

and uprooted those who until then were believed to be loyal, and stout-hearted. Of the tactics of Frederick the Great, there remained nothing but the dead letters—the spirit was long flown—yet on his victorious wreaths had the nation, with vanity and arrogance, gone to sleep. The delusion, and the thereout springing presumption, had reached all grades, more particularly the chiefs of the army. At the marching out of the troops from Potsdam, in 1806, I remember a colonel saying to me, “It is a scandal, for the hero-army of Frederick, to march against the French with guns and swords! cudgels were sufficient to beat them back;” and on my modestly remarking, “one should not estimate the enemy too meanly!” his brusque impertinence was very offensive. No wonder that Napoleon, knowing with whom he had to deal, was confident of victory ere the battle commenced;—the day before, when surveying the Prussian army and position from a height, he scornfully cried out, “Ha! ces peruques-là, ils se tromperont furieusement.”—The most unheard-of cowardice and dereliction of duty ensued; thousands of armed Prussians were seen running away from as many hundred Frenchmen; every pass and military position was abandoned, and the fortified cities were an easy booty. The Commandants of fortresses,—whose names until then had been mentioned with reverence and confidence,—

men who had been advanced to dignity, and loaded with gifts and estates,—were so heedless of duty to King and country, and in several instances, to the remonstrances of honest citizens, and even the huffings of an indignant soldiery, as to surrender, with abundant materials for defence at command, without firing a shot. No, never was a noble, just, and mild king so egregiously deceived; or ever vile one, treated with such black ingratitude and disloyalty: in respect of the construction of his upright and deeply-feeling heart, none ever suffered more and longer.

To the sorrows springing from general calamity, were added innumerable instances of indirect and direct personal affronts and injuries; not from the victory-intoxicated enemy alone, but shamelessly from his own subjects,—even from those, who, as his attendants, had stood near his person. The beau-ideal of monarchical greatness, as respected the past, present, and to come, was for them the victorious Napoleon,—and they felt a satanic pleasure in slandering, through the press, the already bowed Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia,—be-praising him. Even John Müller, the celebrated author of the History of Switzerland,—surnamed the *German Tacitus*! threw up the honourable post of Prussian Historiographer in Berlin for an appointment in Cassel, under Jerome Buonaparte,—and

then penned a dirge over the Prussian monarchy, as were it ended. At this epoch a German university, which shall be nameless, presented in the name of all the Faculties, on Napoleon visiting it, a superb celestial chart, on which his name was given to one of the stars of first magnitude!

It was a crushing time; yet, supported by the counsels of v. Stein, and the holy confidence of the ecclesiastic Borowsky, the King saw in the character of passing events, hieroglyphics of the future. One bright star remained above the horizon, silently heralding the approach of better times—the star of the unchangeable attachment, loyalty, and devotion of the people to their rightful sovereign. Under the word people, is to be understood, though not exclusively, the respectable class of citizen, yeoman, and peasant, which in its compact mass constitutes the fundamental strength of a country. Therefore have all discerning and wise rulers, such as Frederick the Great, endeavoured in the first instance to possess themselves of the goodwill and confidence of that grade, by making their advancement and welfare the main object.*

* This was evidenced in a peculiar manner by Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War. After a battle in which that King lost many men the province of Mark made itself renowned;—thence the Hellengers in white—the Sauerlanders in blue jackets,—each with a rye loaf and ham on his back and oaken staff

Notwithstanding what they gave, did, and suffered from 1806 to 1810, they never wavered in their loyalty to the King; never did they lose their firm belief in the return of happy times, but remained staunch under every pressure: all this was known to the King through a thousand secret and trustworthy channels, and it consoled his heart more than the flood of detracting libels teased and distressed his mind.

The most shameful, false, and daring ones, were a publication, entitled, "Confidential Letters," and a periodical, called the "Firebrand." The public voice

in hand,—all sons of well-conditioned burgesses and yeomen,—marched off by batches of a hundred at a time, to search out the distant head-quarters of their royal father, Fritz! When the first batch presented itself before Frederick, he said, "Where do ye come from?" "From the province of Mark." "What do you want?" "To help our King." "I did not summon you?" "So much the better!" "Who recruited you?" "Nobody." "Some one must have sent you?" "Yes! our fathers." "Where is the officer who conducted you?" "We had none." "Who commanded you then?" "Ourselves." "How many deserted on the way?" "Deserted?—if we had been capable of that, we should not be what we are—volunteers!"

The eagle eye of the monarch glared with joy on those trusty sons of Prussia. "You are welcome, my valiant men!" shouted the King, "Brave, upright Markers, I can depend on you." That royal expression is still treasured throughout the province as a holy saying; its sound is continued from generation to generation, and lives at this day in the breast of every high-minded Marker, who dwells on the borders of the rushing Lippe, Ruhr, Lenne, and Volme. I had this anecdote from the mouth of Othmer Wiese—one of the first batch of volunteers above mentioned.

(though unjustly) accused Colonel von Massenbach of being the author.

Colonel von Massenbach was undoubtedly an interesting and intellectual man; brought up in the school of Frederick the Great, he was, as was his colleague, General von Rüchel, an enthusiastic admirer of that King; and whatever history had developed of glorious regal deeds, he saw and honoured in the person of the sage of Sans-Souci. Nothing was right in his eyes save what had emanated from him, and to preserve everything in form as he had ordained, was the object of his pen and acts. He therefore felt happy in being of the general staff,—and as a matter of course the rigid military discipline of bygone-times was retained as a holy relic; but full soon was the sorrowful discovery made that the battle-field of Jena was something very different to parade in the Lustgarten at Potsdam.

Massenbach's moral strength gave way,—the until then mettlesome man fled from the enemy; and the large corps d'armée entrusted to him, he cowardly surrendered at Prenzlau to an inferior French force.* He

* The Bishop might have added—*again* without firing a shot!—the very gentle way in which he records the base surrender at Prenzlau—in my opinion the most disgraceful and untoward event subsequent to the battle of Jena—is *more* than remarkable. But his “almost daily intercourse” with one who had “dipped his pen in gall” and vomited “bitter reproaches” against the Good King he had betrayed—is to me unaccountable!—Tr.

now went from one extreme to the other, and found in the great Napoleon his long-worshipped Frederick,—honouring in him the renovator of a diseased, and, as he called it, a “rotten state of things.” His former love for the Prussian state went over to antipathy; he did not go, as others did, to the King in Königsberg—but returned to Potsdam, and dipped his pen in gall.

At this time, 1807, I had much intercourse with him, and he called on me almost daily, although we differed in politics wide as the poles;—often desperately quarrelling,—the King coming in for his bitterest reproaches.

He held the Prussian state to be irrecoverably lost, and was of opinion that its heretofore greatness was alone the work of Frederick II.; that it was all over with Prussia as a kingdom, and that if the mighty conqueror, in his new arrangement of worldly circumstances, treated it with generosity—it could only be permitted to remain a dukedom.

This had become a fixed idea with Massenbach, and he proclaimed it with the flaming enthusiasm of a madman. Starting from false premises, which had become axioms to him, he arrived at monstrous conclusions; which dictated the most unheard-of propositions. He read to me one day a representation addressed immediately to the King, in which he in eloquent diction expressed his opinions on the situation of affairs.

It ran thus: "After the misfortunes that had occurred, Prussia could not stand alone; it must have a support. In Russia and Austria there is no safety; for neither of them meant honestly and uprightly towards Prussia: that the only radical point of safety was unqualified submission to France and its wonderful Ruler; that everything depended on propitiating him, if all was not to be lost. But to bring back the vanished spirit of foresight and courage, *there must be placed as President in every province, and as General to every Prussian regiment, a native Frenchman*—chosen by the Emperor Napoleon; and as pledge of the King's honesty of intention, the Crown Prince of Prussia was to be sent to Paris,—that he might be brought up under the invigorating influence of the Emperor," &c., &c.

"How, Colonel?" cried I, enraged, "you a Prussian officer, and a member of the General Staff! dare to offer *that* to your King! Do you not feel that such act would be the height of insult and mockery?" "Not at all," replied Massenbach, vehemently. "It is my full, upright, and well-pondered opinion. There is no other mode of salvation. Whoever means honestly towards the unlucky King, as I do, must open his eyes for him. Give me candle and wax—my seal I have; it shall to the post directly." "God forbid," I exclaimed, "that such an infamous communication should be sealed in my

glebe-house." "Sir," cried he, "*you*, are also fumbling in Egyptian darkness!"—He left in choler, slammed the door, and I firmly believed he would never more cross its threshold. But at the end of three weeks he again came, greatly altered in tone and manner; he said, "My upright intentions are wholly misconstrued. There; read the King's answer!" It was short, and to the following effect:

"Your counsel was not required:—You have to answer for your dastardly conduct at Prenzlau!"

A painful silence ensued, which Massenbach ended by saying, "The King does wrong in rejecting my advice;—but his reproach is just. One way remains,—I will write to the minister, von Stein, and send him the repulsed representation, for reconsideration and reflection."

"To minister von Stein?" I observed. "The hater of the French,—he who, with Germanic energy, has made it his life's-problem to oppose their abominable usurpation?"—"So was he," replied Massenbach; "but he is no longer of that mind. His cataract is pierced; he *now* comprehends the epoch, and its juvenescent tendency." I remarked, "Beware Colonel, that *that* keen-minded man don't pierce you!"—But he rejected the hint, and posted his letter.

When next he called, he was under considerable excitement; and with the word "Infamous," threw a letter

on my table. "Read minister von Stein's answer!" The contents were—

"Inasmuch as I do not stand on the pinnacle of intellectuality, so as to grasp your grandiloquent and daring ideas, nor in a political position to give them birth,—I return the same under cover, as being wholly worthless; and am with profound respect," &c., &c.

"Is not that enough to drive one to desperation?" cried he, pacing up and down the room. "The King is serious and honest in his answer; but that fellow is scornful and sarcastic." Such was Massenbach when he left Prussia to reside in Stuttgart, on the return of the King to Berlin, in 1809.

Instead of resignedly settling down, and, by virtue of his powerful mind courting philosophy, he with fretful impetuosity wrote "Memoirs of Frederick William III. —relating to his person, house and court." In that disgraceful work, he poured out the vial of his wrath in slanderous stories relative to the King; and moreover, dared with recreant hand to attack the pure character, and spotless life, of Queen Louisa. Most astonishing! he sent the calumnious manuscript to the King, with the notice: "that he proposed having it printed and published; but that being in want of money, he would destroy the work, provided the King would give him a larger sum for it than he had been offered by a publisher

in Tübingen." If Massenbach, calculating on the King's unbounded kindness, (which he had often experienced,) expected his Majesty would accede to such a proposition, he judged most superficially; for he ought to have known that there are attacks and insults which the noblest mind cannot forgive.

In this instance the King remained true to his mild and earnest character; and refraining from any precipitate and passionate step, which in this case would have been almost justifiable; he sent the libel to the Minister at War, with this remark: "that inasmuch as he, together with his deceased consort and royal house, had been grossly wronged, he would abstain from giving judgment himself on an affair so personal; but required that a searching and impartial examination should be instituted, and the result laid before him." The court martial sat, and the unanimous verdict was, "That the heretofore Prussian colonel, von Massenbach, is by law and this court adjudged guilty,—and condemned to imprisonment for life in a fortress. Massenbach, who was then at Frankfurth-on-the-Main, was, after the necessary legal procedure, arrested, and by the Prussian military conveyed to the fortress of Glatz. The King however mitigated the penalty to a fixed number of years.

About the end of the year 1826, the worthy son of that unfortunate father, together with his excellent and

pious mother, came to Berlin, and expressed to the General Adjutant, von Witzleben, their wish "to have an audience of the King," on his replying; "such could hardly take place, the King being confined to his bed by a recently broken leg, and forbidden to speak to any one, save his doctors and immediate attendants," young Massenbach remarked, he was sorry for it, inasmuch as he was come in his father's name, to express deep-felt thanks to the King for restored liberty.

"What?"—exclaimed von Witzleben, with astonishment, "your father no longer in the fortress of Glatz!—where is he then?" "At home with his family these eight days." "By whose command?" "His Gracious Majesty, the King's." "Strange! I know nothing of it, although all Cabinet-resolves, relating to the military, pass through my hands,—and since the 14th December, when the King broke his leg, he has kept his bed, and been incapable of writing; besides, he doubtless would have mentioned the circumstance to me; I must therefore hesitate to believe what you say!" As young Massenbach persisted in his story, Witzleben looked critically at him, dubious whether the misfortunes of the father had not turned the brain of the son—but when he repeated the story, with its special combinations, Witzleben said, "It is possible that Cabinet-councillor Albrecht, may know something about it:—come with

me, we'll ask him!" But the scene continued, for Albrecht was equal ignorant on the subject.

I chanced to be sitting near the sick Monarch's bed, when General von Witzleben entered, and recounted the particulars. A blush came over the King's pale cheek, as he said, "The matter is even so; he has told the truth. About a week ago, being in pain and enduring a sleepless night, I ruminated on the multifarious past, when Colonel Massenbach came across my thoughts, and his image, hitherto so repugnant to me, presented itself to my mind under a more agreeable aspect. At last I dozed off. When I awoke, refreshed by the sleep I had supplicated, the sun was shining on my bed, and I desired writing materials to be handed me, and immediately wrote—that there might be no discussion—to the Commandant of Glatz, authorizing him to set Colonel Massenbach at liberty.—I will not see the son; it would embarrass him—I dislike tableaux!—but tell him,—I wish that his father, in the re-union with his family, may enjoy repose and happiness;—be all forgiven and forgotten!"—an instance of *true* magnanimity.

As General von Witzleben was leaving, the King motioned me to remain. I expressed my delight at the noble and christianlike conclusion of the affair. "What is therein particularly noble?" replied the King; "I have only done what every Christian should do:—outward

circumstances may assist. Sickness and disasters prepare the mind for milder judgments." The venerable Hufeland now entered—and as I retired, I may safely say that in body and soul, I bent before my august and christian Master.

The King sometimes showed buoyancy of spirit,—and, under happy circumstances, even an inclination for pleasantries. Such happened when beside the lively and graceful Queen, whose quick turns and witty sallies, which I may justly call "dance of ideas," gave her ever the victory:—or it took place when with his intellectual children. His attendants held themselves aloof from remark on such occasions, remembering that the line of demarcation is delicately drawn in *that* sphere, and the adage, "It is unadvisable to eat cherries with Potentates."

Many anecdotes exist of the King's readiness at repartee—I will relate a few.

A farce was brought out at the theatre in Berlin, called "The Mechanic's Festival," which succeeded mainly in consequence of the humorous parts being in *pâtois* German, which is the Berlin folks' dialect. One of the merriest scenes is where an otherwise excellent journeyman was ever behind time,—never making his appearance until business had begun; the scene occasioning most laughter, was the operative's manner of propitiating the displeased master, viz., by invariably

holding out his hand, and saying, "Now, measter, nevertheless, no animosity on no account!" To which the master as invariably answers, "He knows me better; am I not always that one—which—"

A few days after, when the farce had become much talked about, the King came to Potsdam with his family. All were assembled for dinner, which was punctually at two o'clock; the King thinking the minute passed, asked the time, saying: "not yet ready?"—The Court Marshal, von Maltzahn, replied, "Yes Sire; but His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince, is not yet here." The King, holding his watch in hand said, "In five minutes!"—when that had elapsed, all took their seats, and the soup was handed round. At that moment the Crown Prince entered—his look and action denoting a slight degree of embarrassment. With his natural presence of mind,—and assuming a show of artlessness; he approached the unoccupied chair beside the King, and putting forth his hand reverentially—yet with constitutional quaintness and true-heartedness—to his royal Sire, said: "Measter, nevertheless, no animosity on no account!" The King squeezing his beloved son's hand, replied in the same dialect, "thou knowst me better, Fritz; am I not always that one—which—"

Such gaiety of temper sometimes drew other of the table guests into its magic circle, and with delight I

remember one of those pleasant scenes,—it took place in the royal château at Paretz.

The neighbouring church-living of Ketzin had become vacant through death,—and as it was a lucrative cure—Paretz being its *Filia*,—the number of clerical candidates was very great. The King, as immediate church patron of that parish, having it in his gift ; sent the whole of the petitions, amongst which were several from Superintendents, Consistorial Councillors, Doctors of Divinity, and celebrated Theological writers ; to the Council for Ecclesiastical affairs—charging it to select and present to him from the numerous aspirants, the three most distinguished names, that he would hear their probationary sermons himself, and confer the living on him whose lecture pleased him most.

So stood the matter, when, being invited to Paretz, I alighted at the house of the Domain-farmer, Uebel, and had not been there long before the pastor of the village church in Bukow, Parson Kärsten, entered—for *that* Sunday happened to be his turn on the rotation-list, to do duty at Paretz, during the year of grace granted to the widow of the deceased incumbent.* When the

* I think in such cases the duties for the year are volunteered by neighbouring clergymen,—the widow receiving the husband's salary, and all collections and other emoluments, as fall in during that time.—Tr.

modest and discreet man heard that the King and Royal Family, with a large suite, were at Paretz, and would certainly attend the Church, he became anxious, and declared, "he felt himself incapable of preaching before His Majesty, for, living as he had done, in retirement, and away from the great world, he had never so much as seen the King;" he therefore earnestly entreated that I would take on myself the duties of the day.

I declined doing so, as being unseasonable and improper; but I did my best to encourage him to preach fearlessly the sermon he had prepared for the occasion; that if the same,—which I doubted not,—was simple, clear, from the heart, and biblical, he would find in the King a mild, equitable, and most attentive hearer.

And so it was to be. The humble and worthy man preached to a full church, from the subject of the ten lepers, whom the Lord, at their own intercession, healed, and of whom only one turned to thank him; whence he took the opportunity of dwelling on "the wickedness of ingratitude," with such effect, and in so clear a manner, that it was perfectly suited to the comprehension of the veriest peasant,—and at the same time edifying to the highly educated. The King, on leaving the church, expressed his approbation, by gently placing on the exposed poor-plate twenty golden Fredericks.

Arrived at the château, the King said: "How did

you like the sermon?" on my replying, "Right well!" he added, "And I, very much!—much better than many I have heard preached by celebrated, and titled orators. Such, usually heat themselves in hunting about for fine phrases, and serve out nothing but decorated confectionary. This man has given us the good wholesome homebaked bread of life, such as all of us are in need of. He expounded the biblical text in a clear manner, and what he said relative to the impiety of man's ingratitude, was true and striking,—spoken as if from my own soul. He is a valiant man!—Is he one of the candidates for the vacant Ketzin and Paretz living?"

"No, Sire!—I have not seen his name on the list of aspirants."—"Do you think him a fitting person for the vacant cure?"—"I cannot as yet permit myself to form a judgment thereon; I am not acquainted with him, and know nothing beyond the edifying sermon just delivered: at the same time I will not doubt of his possessing the necessary qualifications:—but the pastorship of Ketzin and Paretz is one of the most lucrative in Havel-land; and on account of your Majesty's often attending public worship in the church of Paretz, one of the most honourable. Therefore have more than 40 clergymen become candidates for the same, and amongst them several famed Theologians. The chief President, von

Bassewitz, with whom I conversed yesterday, will, in conformity to your Majesty's commands, present the names of the *three* most eligible next week." "I have," interrupted the King, "all respect for theological erudition and celebrity—desire to take therefrom not an iota:—but such learned and renowned gentlemen are often in the near, very different to what they appear in the distance. The best theorist is not always the best practitioner. A learned theologian is not exactly necessary for the Ketzin and Paretz peasantry;—I wish to give them a pious, and in his conduct, exemplary shepherd of souls; one whose life and conduct may edify. The more homely and simple-hearted the better!" As the King said this, Finance Minister Count von Bülow entered; and the King adjourned with him to his Cabinet.

When we assembled in the garden-hall, preparatory to dinner, I found that Parson *Concionator* had been invited. The high opinion the King had formed of him in the church, lost nothing by his conduct at the dinner-table. Placed opposite the King, the following conversation occurred: "What is your name?"—"Kärsten." "Where from?" "The village of Bukow, near Brandenburg." "How got you there?" "I was teacher in the noblesse-academy at Brandenburg, and the Cathedral Chapter preferred me to the church

in Bukow." "Perchance lucrative?"—"Your Majesty, I am fully satisfied?"—"What is the fixed stipend?" "With glebe-house and garden, it may be worth 460 dollars." "Married? Children?"—"Yes, your Majesty, two sons and three daughters." "And you and your family can live on that, without being anxious for to-morrow?" "Oh yes, very well." "How manage you that?" "I hold fast to the old proverb, 'Never suffer your expenses to exceed your income;' doing so, I have always a little over."—"Excellent!—Count Bülow, do you hear that?—We may learn something from a country parson. *With good housekeeping, expenditure should never exceed income!* We, too often reverse the matter, saying, '*So much we propose to expend, therefore so much we must have!*'—Did you suffer greatly by the war, Pastor?" "Not more than others of my parish—our maxim ever was, 'With God! for King and country!'—and Almighty God has marvellously helped us through." "Very good,—you please me:—preached an excellent sermon this forenoon!" "Your Majesty is pleased to take the will for the deed; it was a sermon intended for the peasantry;—I anticipated not such an audience." "Twas well you did not know it; otherwise you might have refined and added oratorical flourishes—such as many of your cloth delight in. There is no flourishing and polishing in the

Word of God—all there is clear and profound,—as for the village Church, so for the royal Chapel;—one goes not to the house of prayer for amusement, but for improvement; of *that*, we have all pressing need, whatever our rank may be. You spoke to the purpose on ingratitude;—have probably experienced it?” —“Alas, your Majesty, that is the fate of all. Even in my limited acquaintanceship with the world, I have not been spared; having been slandered and cheated by those whom I have endeavoured to serve and foster—pretended friends!” The King muttered—nevertheless distinctly enough to be understood—“*Tout comme chez nous !*”—then louder, “The *whole* must be kept in view when individuals disappoint us;”—with that, passing his hand over his face to hide emotion, he said, “*Laissez passer.*”

Champagne was now handed round;—a glass being offered to Parson Kärsten, the King jokingly said, “Is it not true Parson Kärsten, when you get home on Sunday, somewhat exhausted by clerical labours, you take a glass of champagne with your family?” “Ah! my gracious Master, hitherto I have only known this wine by name;—and I rejoice to taste it for the *first time* at the table of my King!—Permit me, please your Majesty, (rising, and humbly bending,) to empty my

glass to your Majesty's health and welfare." The King raised his, and emphatically expressing his thanks, chimed glasses with the delighted parson.

But he was to be more delighted; for after dinner, when the King retired, he beckoned me, and said: "Pastor Kärsten is not only a good preacher, but a clear-headed man with much tact; he shall have the Ketzin and Paretz living—tell him so." When I communicated to Kärsten the King's grace, the surprised man shouted out, "No! that is too much for one day!—more than my mind can compass and bear."

What in a fortunate hour he received, he continued to administer for a series of years to the King's satisfaction. The King, after the incumbent's death, provided for two of his sons.

However strict as to order and punctuality in state and domestic affairs, the King was lenient towards those who in daily life committed small faults.

The domestics were one day busily employed dressing the dinner-table for a large party, in the palace at Potsdam; when the Marshall, who was very punctilious, detected one of the lacqueys in the act of taking a hearty draught from one of the bottles of wine. Alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the Marshall, he withdrew the bottle hurriedly from his lips,—and in

so doing, the claret spouted over his white waistcoat, The Marshall having severely rated the offender, was about to dismiss him from the royal service, when the King,—fortunately for the poor fellow,—entering, became eye-witness of the comico-tragic scene. The doubly terrified culprit now dropped on his knees; but the King, with slight expression of displeasure in his countenance, motioned him to rise, saying: “another time when thirsty, drink white wine, that your waistcoat be not so soiled. Forgiven this time!” adding smilingly: “You must not enrage the Marshall again!—every one must do his duty.” The royal seriousness reproved him; the kindness filled him with gratitude. Thus did the King, by a happy mixture of gravity and good-humour, attach hearts, so that all immediately about him were devoted to his person.

He was particularly partial to children, willingly joked with them, and enjoyed their waggery.

As in many towns, so in Berlin, the street boys get up comic scenes,—sometimes going in parties, they sing national or burlesque-airs;—woe then to those who have committed a scandal, for they are sure of being balladed.

Such a harmless scene took place in the spring of 1827 before the King's residence,—after his recovery from a broken leg. A crowd of youngsters had as-

sembled, and as the King opened the window, their caps flew in the air, and they chaunted a doggerel, beginning—

“ Hail victor of the Rhine and Main !
Our good King’s leg is sound again.”

Instead of being angry at their audacity, the King laughed heartily,—and commanded that they should be admitted into the court-yard, where the children were treated with cakes and fruit.* The King’s gaiety of humour, was combined with a certain child-like simplicity of feeling, in which it pleasingly shone forth.

* When Frederick the Great rode through and about quiet Potsdam, on his old Mollwitz Grey, he was often surrounded by a swarm of street urchins, with whom he sometimes joked. They called him “Papa Fritz,” touched his horse, took hold of his stirrup, kissed his feet, and sang popular songs, one of which the old King was particularly fond of hearing, “Victoria! with us is God, the haughty foe lies there.” One Saturday afternoon they carried the matter so far, that Frederick raising his crutch-handled cane, said, “Ragamuffins, get to school with ye!” but the youngsters shouted out, “Ha, ha! Papa Fritz dont know that there’s no school on Saturday afternoons.” Shortly after the Seven Years’ War, the King was riding towards Sans-Souci; when near the Brandenburg gate he remarked an old Fruit-woman, who still retained her post; greeting her as heretofore, “Well, mother, how has the times used you?” “Why, pretty well; but where have you been so long?” “Don’t she know that I have carried on the war for seven years?” “How should I know that; besides, what’s that to me? Rabble fight and rabble slay, and rabble are friends another day.” Frederick laughed, and said to the General Ziethen, who was riding by his side “We’ve regularly caught it! did you hear her?”

This gentle tone of mind unveiled itself with captivating loveliness, when he partook of the joys of retired domestic life, on the Peacock Island or elsewhere, beside his amiable Consort and encircled by his children. There, in peaceful separation from the world, and happy seclusion,—he could put aside all that in his exalted station restrained and in a thousand ways oppressed;—there was he unsophisticated man, and experienced in quiet the true blessedness of paternity:—joined in a marriage which proved most concordant,—rewarded by children who, in respect of form and mind, were richly endowed,—and joyous and hopeful in their development—he could and dared to be a child amongst them;—and he was so in the purest sense of the word.

From a worthy and still living lady, who was nurse to one of the royal children, I am informed, that the King every morning visited the nursery. Then (as she relates) disappeared the cloud of sad seriousness which had gathered on his brow, and his countenance brightened. He received the children one after the other from the hands of their mother, and bestowed on each fond marks of fatherly affection;—he would sometimes tarry long with them, playing and joking, and each trifling circumstance, so weighty to children, he treated with participating interest, as were it a matter of high importance. If any of them received special praise for

good behaviour, &c. he took from his pocket a small reward,—and one could not help wondering how a sovereign with so many political matters passing through his head, and pressing on his heart, could be so debonair;—even so heartily did he enter into their pleasantries, that he often seemed chained to the spot, forgetful of the flight of time,—for the Queen, not seldom, had to remind him that the Adjutant had been announced. Every evening before retiring to rest, he, together with the Queen, visited the sleeping infants, and stealthily kissed the forehead of each.

He was pleased to talk with them of the Christmas presents, weeks before the long wished-for Christmas-eve ; and on that occasion he was used to light the tapers which thickly surrounded the Christmas-tree * himself.

After the separation caused by death,—the King's frame of mind became more sombre, and never regained its earlier sparkling freshness ; but this child-like mindedness remained, ennobled by sorrow. Wherever,

* A small pine-tree is generally selected for this amusement, which being firmly fixed on the table, is surrounded by a number of wax candles, and the branches thereof richly hung with small presents commensurate to the whole family, often extending to the very domestics ; various amusing sports take place ; at length they choose according to rank and seniority,—by degrees disrobing the branches of their chosen treasures, till all have disappeared,—shortly after, the candles being burnt or put out, all retire to rest.—Tr.

in the strict sense of the word, he needed not to be King, that simple accord was ever heard, marking his enjoyments and recreations. In possession of the choicest treasures of *virtu*, and a lively feeling for the arts in general,—he nevertheless clung with devotion to Nature's originals, and willingly forgot the world in their contemplation. It was not alone in superb specimens of rare exotic flowers which the gardener cherished at the stately palm-house, or daily placed in his room, that he delighted;—the simplest grass, or more elaborate field-flower, had equally his good-will, and he would discourse eloquently on the wonderful harmony and beauty of the works of Nature. If a splendid specimen of ripe fruit were handed to him when at table, he would, after contemplating it for a time with much pleasure,—as if reluctant to spoil its beauty, carefully put it back again, or give it to one of his daughters who might be sitting near him, saying, “It's very beautiful! preserve it!” With the same interest he meditated on the various animals of the Peacock Island. A fine lion, which became as quiet and tame as a lamb whenever soft music was played, attracted much of his notice,—and he combined therewith psychological remarks on the power of harmony. But he lingered longest at the dovehouse, amusing himself with the variety of colour, form, and habits, of its inmates; and though he spoke little

on such occasions, one could notice by dropt words, that analogies occupied his thoughts ;—his comparisons were startling and ingenious.

On this account he often chose to be alone, loved solitary walks, and disliked to be disturbed in his contemplations. Alexander von Humboldt was the companion most agreeable to him—his table guest—his attendant when journeying—and his confidential friend.

In summer, the King frequented his châteaux and gardens, and lived much in the open air : following the bent of his mind for SIMPLICITY OF LIFE.

If he dined in the apartments of the upper terrace at Sans-Souci, he nevertheless spent his mornings, evenings, and nights, in the stately, yet lonely new palace, erected by Frederick the Great, shortly after the Seven Years' War.

Neugarten, however romantically situated, and enriched by picturesque groups of trees, was no favourite ; neither did the King ever pass a night in the splendid Marble Palace.

Paretz, and the Peacock island, with their châteaux and gardens, were preferred to all others. The village of Paretz, nine miles from Potsdam, though pleasantly situated amidst meadows on the river Havel, has nothing remarkable to recommend it ;—but the character of the surrounding country is that of an idyllic spot,—such as

makes a soft impression on the minds of those who love the quiet of retirement. The eye willingly dwells on green plains and meadows animated by flocks and herds; and the lungs cordially inhale the balmy breath of peaceful husbandry;—the village, consisting of neat cottages,—and the parish church, is approached by avenues of trees—bespeaking serenity. The peasant families dwelling there are, through the King's bounties, in comfortable circumstances,* and the children instructed in an appropriately organised school, are joyous and well-behaved.

On a delightful spot—the church forming the immediate vista—is the royal villa, simple and unadorned. There, the King passed his happiest hours.—When he would be alone—so far as a King can be—he chose the undisturbed quiet of Paretz for his meditations on the most important national circumstances,—and many weighty ordinances are dated from the village of Paretz. There, was the burthen of the crown lighter, and the compulsory state of his affairs less felt. There, was he free from annoying ceremonies, and his days and weeks passed over agreeably, whilst the objects and principles which occasion inward peace, sunk deeply into his heart.

His sojourn there was a happy time for the villagers;

* The King constituted himself Burgomaster of the place!—*Tr.*

and did any casualty happen to a family, the King's hand was ever ready to help. At eve the King was wont to stroll about the village and adjacent country, and was delighted, with truly patriarchal feeling, to watch the returning cattle at sunset. At such times the playful and innocent children would approach him,—and it had become a permitted custom, during the King's prolonged residence there, for them to assemble before the dining-room, and receive the remains of cakes and fruit taken from the royal table. Which small but welcome gifts were generally distributed by the King, Queen, or Royal children, and the well-pleased youngsters scampered merrily home.

On one occasion, the King said to a comely lad, "Hast ever tasted pine-apple?" On his replying, "No;" the King gave him a slice, saying, "Eat!—but reflect on what thou art eating." Presently the King said, "Well, what does it taste like?" The boy still munching, and thinking on what to him had always proved the greatest delicacy, said: "Why, I think it tastes like sausage." All laughed—but the King smilingly remarked: "Thus, you see every one has for himself a peculiar standard,—guiding his feelings and judgment, and each one believes himself to be right. One fancies he discovers in the pine-apple the flavour of the melon, another of the pear, a third the plum; yon lad,

in his sphere of tastes, finds therein his favourite food—the sausage.”

The King had erected a Belvedere in the neighbourhood of Paretz, whence he had a beautiful panoramic view of the surrounding country. He delighted to tranquillize himself there,—but after the Queen’s death he generally visited it alone.

When he would indulge in contemplation, he desired to be away from the world, and divested himself of all that could embarrass his musing. The solemn beech and oak avenue in the Park of Frederick II. had therefore great attractions for him.

One fine summer evening in 1823, I had strolled into the public grounds of Sans-Souci. Near the Japanese House I observed the King with folded arms* pacing up and down, sometimes stopping, as if in deep thought. Knowing how much he disliked to be disturbed when in such humour, I endeavoured to avoid him—but he had caught sight of me. I therefore stood still, respectfully bending ;—he seemed sad, and as he passed me, merely raised his hand to his foraging-cap,—but turning, he in a friendly tone invited me to join him.

“You are willingly at Sans-Souci?” I replied,—
“Yes, your Majesty; its ancient druidical groves make

* I am inclined to think the folding of the arms was not across the breast, but only hands crossed behind ;—so I have often seen His Majesty walk when deeply meditating.—T.R.

it the most interesting spot about Potsdam ;—it is the sublime theatre of great remembrances.”

“ It offers much for rumination and comparison,” said the King. I continued, “ In the sorrowful years 1807, 1808, and 1809, I often paced, with heavy heart, this hallowed spot, comforting myself with hopes of happier times. God has mercifully brought that about, and now it is delightful to wander in Sans-Souci!” “ Do you remember Frederick II.?” said His Majesty. “ I recollect having seen the Great King in my boyhood—his large flaming eyes will never be forgotten by me.” The King said,—“ Yes, his eye was the mirror of his mind ; and that mind was bright, full, and profound. He kept in advance of the age, and much of what he purposed and left behind in writing, is *now* bearing fruit.” I remarked,—“ When one reads his works—namely, what he wrote on ‘The Rights of Man,’ it would appear that his principles were milder and more general than his practice—in which severity and absolute power often showed themselves.” The King, fixing his eyes on me, continued,—“ What you say I have often read and heard ; nevertheless, ’tis a mistake, although it have the seeming air of truth. The difference between then and the present, must be taken into consideration ; the individualities and regulations of that great man, though suited to his time, would be improper

and not work now. Other times, other customs!—Everything was more compact, sounder, and bolder then; we have become politer, genteeler, more flexible—whether for the better, I will not stop to examine; and where is the man who will dare the solution?—As with every man, so has every age a peculiar blending of good and evil—light and shade;—the latter often to make the former more conspicuous. The miserable herd of dog-like lickspittles, who see in Frederick II. all perfection—no weaknesses—I abhor from my soul;—unbounded praise and panegyric indicate inanity and empty-mindedness.

“The rising generation, who have seen little and experienced less, marvel at the unusual; whereas to the seriously thinking, staid man, who has correctly studied the annals of past times, and has gained experience with age, all seems to have proceeded according to the common order of things.

“I feel suspicious of the utterers of flattery. In them there is always want of discernment or purity of heart—often both!”—This was all said when standing. Then, as he was wont to do when growing animated, he advanced his right foot firmly, and continued,—“Doubtlessly many weaknesses and faults clave to Frederick, and the adage may be justly applied to him, ‘Where there is much light there is much shade!’ For he was, and

remained, purely man. But those comprehend him least who—as you did just now—attribute to him a natural propensity for severity and despotism. No, no! the natural and real sentiments of his heart were pure love to mankind, and a lively sympathy, which often rose to strong emotion. He carried those feelings so deeply in his bosom, and found therein so cordial an element, that it was his unceasing desire to encourage and strengthen them.

“ Thence his lively sensations for friendship, his love and tenderness towards his kin, and, notwithstanding the great difference of rank, his faithfulness and constancy towards his companions, and his love for music and its soft impressions ;—it is well known that on the flute he succeeded best in adagios ;—thence his decided inclination for the sciences and erudition, as well the depths of abstract philosophy as the joyous heights of poesy ;—thence his love for animals, not forgetting his dogs ;—thence his sympathy for retirement, and the eternal newness of nature. This spot, how sombre, solemn, and serene—yet how pleasing and consoling !—How often did he pass the hours of evening here, strolling up and down, full of the noblest sentiments and sensations !—He who so thought, felt, chose, and enjoyed with equanimity, must have been a stranger to the austerity of misanthropy.

“ He was maltreated in his youth ; yet did he never feel intimidation ; his strong and eminent mind shielded him from fear. Nevertheless harshness made him suspicious, —and this suspicion, fed by the artifices, intrigues, and cabals, which those who were about the court of his choleric Father had spun around him, his mother, sisters and associates, —became fixed ; and therefore a prominent feature in his character. Approximated to, and daily viewing and estimating the higher and highest ranks from this gloomy side, —may account for the severity, bordering on dislike, which he often displayed towards such in terms of bitterest sarcasm. *Not from inclination, but from principle*, was he stern, often harsh ; being of opinion that fear, in most cases, namely, with the higher classes, effectuated more than love. Those, and more particularly the officials, he therefore kept in continual tension and fear ; he looked on them with a distrustful eye, and was inexorable towards them, whenever he discovered they had been guilty of dereliction of duty, or injustice. On the other hand, he placed ready confidence in the common man, the citizen, and the peasant ; but most of all in his brave soldiery ; —and he felt the loyal attachment of his people to be his greatest treasure. In one word, every thing about that Potentate partook of the grandiose, —all, the out-flowing of his firm principles.”

The King spoke quick, emphatically, and long, as was

always the case when he got well into a subject;—he stopped, leaned against a beech-tree, and looking pensively forward,—in a low tone said,—“ Yes, he was indeed a great man!—It was on this spot, sitting on this very bench, that I saw and spoke to him for the last time. His goodwill towards me, which on that occasion was expressed with the utmost tenderness, has been ever dear to me, and of lasting reminiscence.

“ He examined me on such branches of learning and science as were then my study, particularly history and the mathematics. I was required to converse with him in the French language; and he drew from his pocket an edition of Lafontaine’s Fables, fixing on the one I should translate to him. As it happened, I had construed it before to my tutor, consequently I did it fluently. Upon his praising my improvement, I informed him of my having previously translated it: his face brightened up, and patting me on the cheek, he said,—‘ That’s right, my dear Fritz;—always honest and honourable!—Never seem to be what thou art not; but always more than thou appearest to be.’—That admonition made an indelible impression on my heart, and though I disliked falsehood from my childhood, from that time on I have hated and detested all species of dissembling and lies.

“ He particularly incited me to a perfect knowledge and

fluency in the French language, as being the diplomatic language of the world, and thereto highly appropriate from its flexibility. Truly, on account of its pliancy, I speak it more correctly than the German ;—nevertheless, I like the German best.

“When Frederick permitted me to retire, he said, ‘Mind, Fritz!—be something extraordinary *par excellence*. Great things are expected from thee. I am near the end of my career ; my day’s-work is all but finished. I fear that after my death matters will go *pêle-mêle*: There is everywhere enough of inflammable stuff, and the ruling Princes, particularly those of France, feed the flame instead of calming it, or extirpating the cause. The masses of the people already show themselves on the surface, when they break out, then is the devil loose—I fear that it will be thy lot to witness troublesome times. Qualify thyself—be prepared—be firm—and think of me. Keep vigilant guard over our house’s honour and fame. Be guilty of no injustice ; at the same time tolerate none !’

“Thus talking, we had arrived at the extremity of Sans-Souci, where the Obelisk stands: ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘how tapering, lofty and aspiring, yet is it firmly erected and fixed, defying wind and storm. Yon structure says to thee, *Ma force est ma droiture*. The culminating point, the apex, crowns the whole ; it bears

not, but is borne by the beneath, more particularly by the invisible foundation. That foundation, is the people in unity. Always hold to them, in a manner, that they love thee and have confidence in thee; through them only canst thou prove strong and fortunate.' He then with steadfast eye measured me from head to foot,—gave me his hand,—kissed me,—and dismissed me with these words, 'Never forget this hour!'—I have not forgotten it, and at this moment he is before my soul as when he lived. What say you thereto?"

"Such heart-exalting remembrances," I replied, "bring the great and incomparable King before one, clad in philosophical dignity—and make reproachful criticisms unworthy of notice.

"May it please your Majesty, a short and naïve anecdote occurs to me, bearing on this point, which I think I must have read in the Jena paper not long ago."

"What is it?" said the King.

"The upper Consistorial Councillor Büsching of Berlin,—who, in his time, was an esteemed clergyman and author, published a Biography of Frederick the Great; and because he considered himself to have been neglected, and wounded by many severe and sarcastic Cabinet-orders, he took on himself to judge the King, from his own feelings and position—in a very one-sided manner, and brought together a *masse* of anec-

dotes derogatory to his character; particularly in respect of his irreligion. The reviewer's remark on Büsching's book was short and pithy :—‘ *Few men present a wise face when they look at the sun.* ’ ”

“ Excellent ! ” said the King, and a satisfactory yet satirical smile played on his lips.

Having entered thus far on this interesting topic, I permitted myself to remark, that “ Frederick II. was chiefly reproached in reference to religion.”

The King's brow wrinkled as he said, “ You have touched on a point, about which I reluctantly speak. I have heard and read so much that is one-sided and erroneous on that head, that the subject has become irksome to me.” He was silent awhile ; then deeply drawing breath, he said, “ Great and distinguished men, about whom is individuality and originality, ought not to be estimated by the common standard ; they have their own peculiarities, for all belonging to them is peculiar. Such can only appear in those who are above mediocrity, and who have an eye for the greatness in question. It does not show itself in single and detached acts, anecdotes, or fragmental expressions ; but in its totality, forming a connected and consistent whole. Such is even difficult of assumption by ordinary men ;—the uncommon and extraordinary have, in all times, an enigmatical about them, and have therefore been more or less in their day misunderstood ; but calmly-judging poste-

rity has done, or will do them justice. Where is the man, who clogged by his own errors and fallibilities, dares allow himself to pronounce judgment on the intrinsic worth of others?—We don't know ourselves!—Pray, what is tenderer, subtler, or secretes itself more in the mysterious deeps of the bosom, than our religious feeling, with its forebodings and fears?—It is least felt by those who talk most about it, and oftenest found in the hearts of those who are silent on the holy matter.”

The King, looking upwards, ceased. I was about to speak, but he rejoined: “I've not done yet, you've got me for once into full swing, so I'll have my say out. If we are aware of any one who possesses a clear and contemplative understanding, a feeling heart, a soul for the sublime, a reverence for laws and order, and who admits of the Christian religion being the best,—then I should like to know who has more inherent qualifications for holiness than he? But instead of that disposition being awakened in a manner suitable to Frederick's individuality of character, and proper blendment with his other studies,—in which his mind made rapid and delighted advancement,—so that it might freely develop itself; he was fettered in that respect, by a limiting and pinching authority, strongly partaking of compulsion; which he could not, and would not, bear!

“The instruction he received in the Christian religion

was what I would not censure, had it been inducted in a right manner;—but it was according to the doctrines of the Calvinistic church, and surrounded by forced and harsh constraints. The whole cut of it was after the spirit of those times—more controversial than instructive. This intolerant polemic, which assumed to itself the power of opening and shutting Heaven, was far from satisfying his manly mind, then occupied with the study of Wolff's Philosophy; his heart therefore remained untouched.

“Thence came it, that the fundamental dogmas of our church proved disagreeable to him, and his distaste for them increased greatly, by being compelled to commit to memory all the catechisms. The more that he from filial respect assumed appearances, the more his heart revolted. When his rising powers in unguarded moments burst through the burthensome limitations—the unworthy punishments which never failed to follow, embittered him still more,—so that in his soul was collected the tinder of scepticism, scorn, and derision. Every morning, as a task, he was required to learn by heart large portions of the Bible, without particular selection, or being accompanied by explanations; and every Sunday he was constrained to hear a tedious and sterile sermon preached in the Garrison Church. His immediate attendants professed profound and anxious

eneration for Divine worship ; but he found out that exactly those who were loudest about the matter, and would be taken for the most pious, were those who were least so in reality—being guilty of sinful outbreaks, intrigues, rogueries and vices, such as Paganism would have condemned. All this filled his soul with dislike and bitterness, and encased the healthful inward fruit with a harsh and prickly exterior, that hurt and offended many.

“ But his principles remained sound ;—truly, not nurtured by the infusions prescribed by the then forms of the church,—but refreshed and vivified by an earnest and deep feeling of reverence and respect for the laws of God and man. Of a truth one may say—in fulfilment of his duties, he was more practically religious than he seemed. There may have been, and still may be, such a thing as a theoretical atheism ; but I can form no idea of the possibility of any one being conscientiously an atheist. The reasonable being can no more divest himself of belief in a God, than he could withdraw himself from the influence of air, and retain health.

“ Truly—Frederick was many times guilty of deriding what mankind holds most holy ; and unfortunately those sarcastic insults reached the ears of the public. Such witty and intellectual heads are too often induced by circumstances to feel and give way to momentary im-

pulses—and forgetting themselves for a time, say what is never intended to be taken seriously, or promulgated; much depends on time, place, circumstance, and company,—and the same witty scorner, who the evening before has kept “the table in a roar” with his jokes and derisions, is perchance to-morrow not only incapable of such flights, but repentant for having so transgressed.

“Has not this happened to the best of us?—If we will be reasonable, we ought not to judge mankind,—more particularly one so distinguished as Frederick, by single and detached expressions uttered in unguarded moments; but by the general tenour and direction of whole lives.

“The great Luther would appear small if we judged of him by his table-talk only. The world has been made acquainted with what Frederick—stimulated by ridiculous contrasts,—has said at table and elsewhere, of an irreverential and profane nature; but what he thought and felt in his solitary walks of a lofty and divine nature, has never come to its knowledge;—it is the essence and genuine character of true and unvarnished piety, which lies deeply hid in the soul, to shun being talked about.”

“As respects this deep-seated piety of Frederick II., I remember an excellent anecdote:—will your Majesty permit me to relate it?” “Anecdote about him?” said the King; “alas, of them there are too many. The

narrators shorten and lengthen as it may suit their fancies. If yours be of historic truth, let me hear it."

"Frederick II., after the successful termination of the Seven Years' War, was always pleased to see old General von Ziethen at his table, and whenever there were no foreign princes present, his appointed place was beside the King. On one occasion he was invited for Good Friday; Ziethen excused himself as not being able, inasmuch as he made it a point to partake of the sacrament on that great Church festival,—and desired to spend the remainder of the day in meditation."

"The next time he appeared at Sans-Souci to dinner, the conversation, as was usual, assumed an intellectual and merry course,—and the King jocosely turned it on his immediate neighbour in these words: 'Well, Ziethen, how did the Supper of Good Friday agree with you?—have you properly digested the veritable body and blood?'—The jovial table-guests set up a jeering laugh,—but the ancient Ziethen, after shaking his grey head indignantly, left his chair;—then bowing respectfully to His Majesty, he with loud and firm voice thus addressed the King:—

"'Your Majesty well knows that in war I shun no danger,—and that whenever it has been necessary, I have not hesitated to risk my life for You and my country. The same sentiment animates me still, and

this very day, if you command it, I will suffer my hoary head to be cut off, and loyally laid at your feet. But there is One above who is more than you, and I, and all mankind ;—and that One is the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who died for all,—having purchased us by his precious blood.

“ ‘ I will therefore not submit to have the Holy One, on whom my Faith reposes,—who is my consolation in life, and hope after death, to be attacked and derided. In the strength of this Faith, your brave army courageously fought and conquered ;—if it is your Majesty’s pleasure to undermine this Faith, then does your Majesty lend a hand to undermining the State’s welfare. What I have said is true—receive it graciously !’

“ The King was visibly agitated by this speech. He stood up, offered his right hand to the brave old Christian General, put his left hand on his shoulder, and said with emotion : ‘ Happy Ziethen ! would that I could believe as you do ! I have all respect for your faith,—hold fast to it ;—what has occurred, shall never happen again !’

“ A deep and solemn silence ensued ; none seemed to have courage to utter a word ; and even the King was so taken aback, that not readily hitting on an apt subject for further conversation, he broke up the half-finished dinner, by giving the dismissal signal. To Ziethen, how-

ever, he gave his hand, saying, 'Come with me to my cabinet.'

"Excellent, very excellent!" said the King, "I was not aware of that anecdote. I find it pleasing and instructive. Would that we knew the conversation that passed between the King and Ziethen in the cabinet!"

Thus conversing, the King had got back to the palace, and as we were standing on the upper terrace, the Court Marshal approached, asking His Majesty "If the supper should be served?" The King, punctual in all things, took out his watch, saying, "In ten minutes." As I was about to take leave, he said, "I thank you; you have occasioned me an agreeable evening—you may as well stop supper!"—I excused myself, as having only a common upper coat on. The King rejoined smilingly, "I know very well that you've got a dollar and a dress-coat; you are the same person in either. I want *you*, not your coat; so go in!"

Fatigued and often vexed by the circumstances of the day, he would hurry with a degree of yearning to the peaceful Peacock-Island, to spend the hours of noon and evening in the circle of his family. Soon as he trod the ferry, he was wont to throw open his military coat, as if to give his clammed bosom a freer breathing;*—landed, he slowly paced, with hands crossed behind, to—

* Most likely after the return to Potsdam—1809 or 1810.—Tr.

wards his toilet-chamber, where he re-dressed,—and his countenance assumed an air of perfect tranquillity.

After passing several hours in his cabinet, reading documents prepared for his inspection, and making marginal notes of interrogation and exclamation with his pencil, also remarks, generally containing the heads of the answers to be given,—he sought the free air; and then one must have seen him, to be aware how a burthened King may be a happy man, if he is of pure and noble mind. He now paced the Island in its breadth and length, generally with a book in his hand,—reading,—contemplating the landscape leaning against a tree,—or sitting on a rustic seat, observing a bed of flowers,—anon conversing with the shepherd, or amusing himself with the passing children.

Here did he pass many happy years with his beautiful and amiable consort, ere the blight of the times overtook them;—experiencing all the joys of husband and father.

Those who have been eye-witnesses of the freshness and harmony of soul that appeared in the conduct of the illustrious, then youthful royal pair, speak of them with rapture; and numerous anecdotes are told of those felicitous times,—of which the following is a sample:—

One fine day in the summer of 1799, two English gentlemen, strangers on their travels, rowed to the

Peacock-Island ;—uninformed of the royal family being there, and consequently of the interdiction,—they had landed at a point of the Island distant from the ferry, and were delightedly strolling about, when the then Court Marshal, von Massow, caught sight of them, and they were desired to quit the Island instantly, by the way they came. They however deviated from the direct path to the boat, and were met by a gentleman and lady unattended, and so artless in their dress and deportment, that the strangers had no presentiment of who they were. When they met, the unknown gentleman said, “how do you like the Island?”—Expressing themselves in rapture as to its position, and ornamental culture,—the unknown lady with much affability invited the strangers to accompany them—since, being well-known, they could point out all that was remarkable. “We should be delighted,” replied the Englishmen; had not the Marshal peremptorily ordered us to leave the Island—the King and Queen being here.”

“Matters are not quite so formidable,” said the amiable lady; “Come along with us; we will undertake to excuse you with Mr. von Massow, who is our intimate friend.”

A lively conversation ensued, in which the Lady spoke enthusiastically of England,—in return, both seemed to enjoy the free and critical remarks made by the

Englishmen:—but great was the latter's astonishment on nearing the château, to find the Royal Servants stationed; and the Marshal advancing to announce breakfast!—Aware now, that they had been in company of the King and Queen, they would have apologised; but the winning affability of the Queen calmed their apprehensions; and what little remained wholly ceased; on the King saying: “Enter, gentlemen! you'll take breakfast with us!—after so charming a stroll, methinks repast will be beneficial.”

The domestic life of the Royal pair was such as, perhaps, never blessed those filling a throne,—it was so pure—so joyful—so innocent. I recollect one of those family scenes; and it is a graceful picture of connubial blessedness. After a family dinner beneath the umbrageous oaks, the Queen asked,—“Where are the children?”—being answered, that they were all in the meadow which projects into the Havel, playing.”—“Cannot we manage to surprise them, my dearest friend?” said the Queen to the King. “Yes!” was the reply,—“but we must enter the gondola, and advance upon them through the reeds, that they see not our approaching.”

It was agreed: and the King taking the oars himself, pulled slowly through the reeds and rushes,—the Queen standing the while, that her maternal eye might get the first glimpse of the astonished group. Arrived, they

jumped ashore, and the joyous children ran to meet their parents, who embraced them as had they been away for days, instead of minutes.

"Papa!" shouted the Crown Prince—"how did you get here? The King replied, "through the reeds and rushes!"—"That is charming." To the question,— "Why?" he answered: "Amongst reeds is good whistle cutting!"—"How understand you that?"—"It means, clever people know how to turn situations to the best account." The King said, "If applied to yourself, what description of whistle would you choose to cut just now?" the Crown Prince, with his peculiar vivacity, answered—"my desire just *now*, is, that we take our evening's milk together,—here, joyously on the grass!"

The King held out his fatherly hand to the noble youth; the Queen pressed him ardently to her delighted heart, and the request was granted.

The whole company ruralized on spread carpets. The Queen gently leaned her head on the King's shoulder, her hand in his,—and we all enjoyed the frugal meal. The sun-set was beautiful; and from the adjacent underwood was heard the soft accords of the hautboys of the guards—sounding like eventide blessings. A holy calm hovered over the patriarchal scene, and every one present felt that the earth may be made the outer court of Heaven. That feeling expressed itself by a so-

lemn silence which none seemed inclined to disturb;*—language has no words for the indescribable. The Queen looked with serenity on the setting sun; her glance was a silent prayer of joy and thankfulness. At that moment her countenance had the stamp of beatification!—all that I have seen of portraiture before or since, gives but a faint resemblance of her *then* angelic aspect.†

The King treasured in his heart many reminiscences of serene hours spent on the Island in company of his adored Consort!—all that she, whilst still at his side, planned, ordered, and embellished, caused her beloved form to be ever present in his soul;—and highly prized by him was the spot that fed the soft melancholy he felt at loss of her.

On the eastern point of the Island, there, where all bears a sombre and pensive colouring, he, after the death of the Queen, caused an open temple to be erected; and therein placed her bust—excellently worked in marble. He often visited the hallowed spot, and would linger there in solitary contemplation. He was generally unattended,—but on one occasion requested me to accompany him. Having entered, he said: “In this

* The Prussians have a pleasing manner of explaining the cause of such silence:—“*An Angel has passed by!*” Even in *talkative* company, moments of stillness may have been remarked.—Tr.

† Bishop Eylert does not *date* the above anecdote:—it most probably occurred before the autumn of 1806.—Tr.

hallowed place I prefer to think and feel, rather than to hear and speak." Nothing was therefore said. After observing the effigy for a time, he rose, and drawing a deep breath, said, "The fashion of this world passeth away."—I would have added a few comforting words, but it was not agreeable to him; on the contrary, he motioned his hand, indicative of not wishing to be disturbed. He was of a nature to keep locked within his bosom that which employed his mind, and moved him most. Silence was with him a more important art than speaking, and nothing was so annoying to him as empty talk;—what was beyond the clear, and to the purpose, he naïvely called "emballage."

Mute and slowly we returned to the château, where he dismissed me,—countermanding at the same time the evening tea which we were to have partaken of together. Next day Colonel Witzleben informed me, that the King had again visited the temple by moonlight.

Charlottenburg was also a favourite resort of the King's, particularly in autumn. What Paretz offered in respect of rusticity and retired quiet—Neugarten in its loveliness, Sans-Souci in its solemnity, and the Peacock-Island, in its separation and feeling of comfort,—that did Charlottenburg, in the amplitude of its palace, and extensive grounds—reaching to the banks of the Spree.

But the magnitude and pomp of that regal palace was

not suited to his taste after the death of his Queen ; the rooms and halls were too lofty and large—what he personally required appeared too distant and away ; therefore, following his inclination, he had a small dwelling-house built near the palace for his own occupation, containing few rooms, but combining all that one may call inviting, agreeable and comfortable.

It breathed the air of peace and quietude, and its adornments fostered affection, and resignation. There could one live and improve ; and that has been the feeling of every noble mind when beneath its roof : yet is the abode, only one which every independent private gentleman might possess. The King dwelt there as such, and was, so long as he remained, unapproachable to all, — save his trusty and confidential servants on duty. On the table of his dwelling-room lay letters from his children, principally his absent daughters,—together with beautiful samples of their handiwork in knitting and embroidery, wherewith they had gladdened their august father on his birthdays. The adjoining small room served for his bed-chamber, and the outer coverlid of his bed was a large shawl, which the deceased Queen delighted to wear. The servant was enjoined to fold up the precious relic carefully every morning, and place it on a particular chair ;—

and the King, with his own hands, unfolded it, and spread it on his bed every night before retiring to rest.

Charlottenburg, after demise of the Queen, became more dear to him. Genuine sorrow, fed by amiable remembrances, seemed to atmosphere him there. He was used to stroll along the dark avenue of fir-trees, that led to her mausoleum; and he only had a key to the lower vault.—A holy stillness pervades the spot where the good and beautiful Queen Louisa found an early grave.

If the King inclined not to have about him the highly learned,—it proceeded mainly from their general want of manner and tact for such intercourse;—failing of the right measure of respect, they are apt to display a too anxious reverence; and above all, their huge mass of learned lore too often unfits them on the score of temper. That Frederick William III. honoured learning and the sciences, and highly esteemed their promoters,—is manifest by what during his long and paternal reign, he did for museums, universities, gymnasias and schools.

But for his heart, and close intercourse, he required something more than scientific and learned formations;—tone and temper, veracity and simplicity, single-mindedness and childlike feeling, were the attractions,—the

polar angle to which his mental magnet staunchly pointed.

Quick as were his sympathies, even so were his feelings of dislike,—which once felt, he abandoned all sentiments of assimilation. I was eye-witness thereof at the presentation of a celebrated, but wordy and complimentary scholar,—who was moreover recommended to him. The learned man soon became visibly embarrassed by the King's short and fragmental manner, and could not work the ceremonial conference into anything like a flowing conversation;—on the other hand, with Alexander von Humbolt it was a lively stream of electrifying thoughts, blending and exchanging.

It was difficult to hit on the right measure of homage to be paid the King on occasions of public rejoicings. For he disliked anything that approached servility or excessive noise,—and that which savoured of adulation was sure to cast a gloom over his face and mind.

On his return from Paris, fatigued by the jubilating distinctions prepared for him in every town and village of the reconquered provinces through which he passed,—he said to General von Witzleben when leaving Magdeburgh,—“ Thank God! we have outlived it !”—thinking *that* the last; but approaching the small town of Burg where the magistracy, clergy, schoolmasters, &c. were

drawn out to receive him, he reluctantly ordered the postilion to gallop through the town.

Nevertheless, where he saw the inhabitants of hamlet or village, dressed in their Sunday clothes, standing quietly at their respective doors greeting him as he passed, his regal feelings were touched, and he bowed to them most cordially.

A few years before his death, a dealer in singing-birds, from the Prussian part of the Harz-mountains, came to Berlin, and called at the Palace to express, in what he thought the best way, his thanks for the kindnesses which had been shown his sons, who were soldiers; *viz.*, by presenting to the King a so-called piping bullfinch,* which with enduring patience he had taught to pipe the national air of "Hail! Frederick William," &c.† *throughout*, and correctly,—this being the only instance of perfect success. The King smiled, and ordered the bird-fancier to be shown up,—who having placed the cage containing the interesting songster on the table; the bird, after some kindly words from its music-master, went through the practised air with all the solemnity of a Cathedral priest—to the surprise and amusement of the King;

* In the German, "Dompfaff," or "Cathedral priest."—Tr.

† Answering to our "God save the King," being the same tune.—Tr.

whose delight increased, when, on his saying "Da Capo," the bird piped the air again. To the question, "What's the price?" the pleased Papageno* replied, "I won't take money for him. But if my dear King will accept the bird, and love him ;—the bare thought of his piping in the King's chamber will make me the happiest man of our Harz, and the first bird-catcher in the world." The King felt good-will towards the honest fellow, who stood before him unabashed in his linen jacket ; and Timm, who had been summoned, received his Majesty's commands to have a room prepared for the birdfancier in the adjoining wing of the Palace,—to show him every hospitality, and to take care that he saw the sights of Berlin. At the same time Timm was instructed to find out what boon would be most acceptable to Papageno. For several days he remained in the Palace, and was more than once summoned into the King's presence,—who inquired minutely as to the localities of his part of the Harz, and was amazed with his sensible and frank replies. During this stay, Timm adroitly obtained such knowledge of his private circumstances and views, as contented the King. When the time for the man's departure came, Timm franked him back by the diligence. Arrived at home, he found,

* The name of the Bird-catcher, in Mozart's opera of *The Magic Flute*.—TR.

to his utter astonishment, that the mortgage of 500 dollars on his house had been paid off by command of his Majesty:—thus was his unhopèd-for but highest earthly desire accomplished, whilst he was enjoying the sights in Berlin.

Those only who have seen the King, as man, giving rein to his kindly feelings, can draw his true picture. His under-chamberlains therefore had the best opportunities of knowing him—who being about his person, could see and observe what may be called his life's *négligé*.

One of them, who for many years had been his immediate attendant in Berlin, was advanced to the easier and more lucrative post of Keeper of the Potsdam-plate-chamber. The first time the King saw him, after the appointment, he said, "Content?"—"I am," replied he, "as much so as my position will permit of; but may it please your Majesty, there is one thing in the change which causes me great sorrow." "Well, what's that?"—"I no longer come into your Majesty's presence; moreover, I don't see your Majesty so often as heretofore," and the tears fell from his eyes. When the King remarked *that*, he said, "My good fellow, I thank you! we always suited each other. I don't like new faces: but it could not well be otherwise. Calm yourself! In Potsdam, we shall often meet." Such kindly display

of feeling increased with his years.—Although the King's bodily falling-off was visible, he still remained healthy, for his constitution according to the assurance of the medical gentlemen was of the best,—therefore his life's taper burnt brightly to the last. He was nevertheless aware of, and felt that the time of his departure was near—for he often told me so.

As an instance:—on occasion of the Coronation-and-Order Festival, in the Spring of 1840,* I took the opportunity, in the address I had penned for the occasion, of drawing an historical analogy between that epoch, and the years 1640 and 1740,—the former being the year when the Great Elector came to the government,—the latter, the year when Frederick the Great on the death of *his* father, ascended the throne. Some friends to whom I communicated my address, earnestly besought me to change the subject, being of opinion that it might affect the King—perchance displease him, as being an indirect exhortation to think of death. But I thought I knew the Christian King better, and did not deceive myself;—for not only did he praise the subject-matter of my oration, in presence of all about him, but said to me afterwards privately, “You will see,—even so will it happen in 1840!—Contemplating

* About four months before his death.—T_h.

and expecting the approach of that great change, he nevertheless commanded the significant festal ceremony of laying the foundation-stone for a monument in honour of Frederick the Great, to take place. His death occurred shortly after the ceremony.* With what serene resignation he long looked forward to its approach, may be best gathered from "his last will."†

Gifted by nature with a vivid temperament, it had become, through great experience and true piety, so tempered and re-moulded, that he felt exalted beyond the sphere of minor things; and even circumstances that vex and untune princes, no longer discomposed him. Truly he retained irritability in old age;—not when he was opposed by sound argument, which he always calmly listened to; but when his intentions were wilfully misconstrued, and such as were foreign to his breast, substituted. Then, the indignation which filled his noble mind became visible, even in his countenance. That was the case, in the matter relative to the unfortunate Archbishop of Cologne;—not in respect of the difference of church confession, which difference *he*, as Protestant Christian, perfectly understood; and which, as King, he suffered not to bias his mind, governing as

* Namely, 15th June, 1840: consequently only a few days before his death.

† See Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William III.

he did, his Roman Catholic and Evangelical subjects with equal justice and mildness :—but because uncalled-for meddlers, contrary to facts known to all the world, and ungrateful for benefits received, boldly maintained the contrary ;—even attributing to our straightforward, honest, and inoffensive King, cunning and deceitful purposes. That was a calumny which caused his pure soul amazement and grief. He nevertheless found support and consolation in the consciousness of having laboured uprightly, and left with confidence to the Heir-apparent, his illustrious successor,—the extrication of *that* complicated matter,—instigated and fostered as it was by malignant powers. The love of his subjects was his greatest treasure. His resignation, and tender-heartedness, grew daily more prominent ;—each small attention, and even delicate handing of refreshment, was received with thanks, and all his farewell looks were, verily, benedictory loving-kindnesses. His genuine affection and childlike-mindedness were remarkably displayed towards his under-chamberlain the day before his death. When Kienast presented him a cup of bouillé,—the dying King motioned it away, saying : “ I cannot take it ! ”—But the trusty and anxious man desisted not, adding : “ The medical gentlemen have ordered it, and sinking strength requires support ; ”—the invalid rejoined, “ My children, I desire it not—do not trouble

me!"—The attached servant nevertheless continued to beseech him to take the broth; and with pitiful expression of sorrow, such as is often used towards beloved equals, he said, "Well then, your Majesty, do drink it, if only to please me!"—Tears at the same time gushing from his eyes, he left the room hastily, placing the cup in the hands of his constant nurse, and affectionate Consort, the Princess of Liegnitz,* who was sitting close to the bed. "The kindly-meaning man!" uttered the dying King;—"did you remark his tears, my dear Augusta?—Drink it instead of me, that on his return, seeing the cup empty, he may feel consoled."

Never did our memorable King wound the feelings of any one intentionally; and when dying, he treated his attending servant with the same mild consideration and good-will as when in health. To acquire such evenness of mind, and having acquired it, to preserve it; is what happens to few in so exalted a degree. Power too often produces egotism—strength, severity—and love, weakness.

So perfect a character as Frederick William III.

* The King was married a second time, namely, to the Countess Augusta Harrock. She did not take the title of Queen, or Royal Highness—the latter rank, however, was conferred on her by the present Sovereign, on his accession. There were no children by this latter marriage;—had there been any, they would not have been in the line of succession.—Tr.

acquired in life's school,—is a phenomenon partaking of the antique grandiose, and such as is rarely met with on the broad page of history.

RESIGNATION is not wholly a passive power, as shown under sufferings—but active, in its efficacious working. There is a resignation proceeding from Philosophy, which acquainted with the laws and power of necessity, produces in strong minds stoical energy, and though insufficient to rule destiny, is capable of looking it boldly in the face,—thereby lessening its strength. The noble Garvé was for years a martyr to incessant *tic-doloureux*; and his treatise on “Patience” developes such a mass of deep and powerful philosophic-resignation, that one cannot help loving and honouring the resolute sufferer. But there is a more lofty state of resignation, attainable to all, and of which we may say, “verily, this is beyond the teachings of Solomon, Socrates and Plato!” simple in its name, deep in its meaning, and of inexhaustible riches;—’tis called Christian-resignation—the soothing angel of human life!

Such pious Christian resignation, forming itself in the mind and understanding, becomes a lively faith in a Divine Providence, which encompasses and inspires the immeasurable whole, even as the natural atmosphere surrounds and vivifies each bosom. This highest power, at the same time highest wisdom and goodness—

is near to every one ; for in it we live, and move, and have our being. It equally loves and values *all* ; esteeming not the illustrious owner of palaces more than the humble inhabitant of the cottage : for *all* are the works of its hands, and its grace is the chief good. Although it numbereth the stars, and calleth them by name—leading forth the immeasurable host, as a shepherd doth his flock,—it is mindful of every wounded heart, and assuageth its pangs. As without its will no sparrow falleth from the house-top, so no hair from our heads droppeth to the earth without its knowledge. The days of our lives, with their alternations of joy and sorrow, are written in its book before we are born. Under its guidance and disposition, there is no destiny, no fate, no chance, nothing fortuitous.—*All*, whether contemplated from the bright or shadowy side, is of its permission, sending, ordaining. The seeming entanglements and confusions that in a million of ways mark an historical century—even as the perplexed hours of individuals are purposed, and firmly—though silently—led by *one* hand, to *one* great terminus—a heaven of eternal Hallelujahs ! It knows not of compulsion, gains the whole heart, and all breathe in it the freedom of love.

This love banishes every fear, and by this love, as if carried in maternal arms—everything—even the bitterest circumstance in life—must work for good. This love

harmonizes freedom-of-will with the direction and march-route of life—also with the most enigmatical; so that only the one great watchword remaineth: “ALL BY THE GRACE OF GOD! ALL ACCORDING TO HIS WILL!” In this resignation to, and dependence on God, centres the brightness and power, the joy and comfort, of life; and from it flows an animating peace, infinitely surpassing that produced by reason. With this peace, in which the visible and invisible harmonize, the poor become rich; without it, harassed by hidden contradictions, the rich are poor indeed.

This resignation makes no noise, no show; its glance is freely and stedfastly above, whence it came, and whence it receives new strength. It is suited to every calling; exalts the master, and reins-in the servant; it humbles the rich; consoles the poor; makes the wife silent, gentle, and confiding; protects from despair the hopeless; revives the sick, and heartens-up those who are weary of life. However oppressive the burdens and duties of life may be, Christian resignation lightens them; sheds a ray o’er every gloom, and is, to the darkness of the sepulchre, the aurora of an everlasting day.

These psychological remarks have been necessary, that the ground-work of the King’s character—resignation—might not only be placed in its right light, but that its

importance, strength and mellowness, as developed in his conduct, should be duly appreciated.

Now that he has disappeared from the theatre of the world, and his field of action open to our view—the object and direction of his career unveiled, we see how he grew to what he became ; the parts being collected, the whole forms a beautiful picture, on which the eye dwells with satisfaction.

From the historical lives of great potentates analogies might be produced, but we will choose an anomalous example, namely, the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte, in whom the contrast makes the truth of the axiom more apparent.

He was, beyond dispute, a remarkable man ; and possessed within himself a mass of powers, such as rendered him equal, if not superior, to most of the heroes of history. So he appeared to the world, on the world's wide stage ;—fearfully great, so long as the sun of fortune shone upon him ; but not so when the night of adversity set in.

Instead of reconciling himself to his destiny, and by the power of resignation acquiring mental treasures for lost possessions,—thereby remaining in himself great and independent ; he brawled with his misfortunes and succumbed.

A few days before the decisive attack on Montmartre, he sent back, with disdain, the proposals for an honourable peace, made to him by the allied powers; adding the arrogant threat that he would dictate the peace at the gates of Vienna and Berlin.*

* Arrogance and resignation were never more interestingly contrasted, than in the remarkable, though little known historical scene which took place between the Emperor Napoleon and Pope Pius VII., in 1804. The latter being in Paris, the Emperor became anxious to gain over the Holy Father to his object and purposes;—he therefore left no means untried, whether of kindness or severity, to make the firm Prince of the Church more pliable. Determined to open his mind to the Pope, he invited him to a secret conference, and awaited the arrival of the Holy Father in the Chamber of Audience. Napoleon (so relates one of his Chamberlains, who was all the time in an adjoining alcove unremarked) paced the room much agitated, and with an iron instrument stabbed and bored the chairs and tables, as he was wont when excited. At last the Holy Father entered, calmly, and with much solemnity:—with due respect the Emperor offered him a magnificent chair, whereupon he seated himself. The then recently anointed Emperor, in a confidential and agreeable manner, stated to the Holy Father his wishes, begging and advising him to transfer the Papal chair from Rome to Paris, and inhabit one of the imperial palaces, that so, in community with himself, the whole earth might be governed from the world's metropolis!—that his revenue should be doubled; moreover, he should have a brilliant body-guard appointed, and share with him in all worldly dominion, power, and glory, as confrater.

Pope Pius VII. heard this high-flown speech and promises with the utmost serenity, and when finished, merely uttered the word,

“Comediante!”

“What!” cried the enraged Emperor, starting from his chair; “I a comedian! Priest, our friendship is ended.” Snorting, and

Frederick William III. learned and practised resignation to a degree, and in a manner never recorded in the annals of history :—and it was tested to the utmost during the years 1811, 1812.

All that he then suffered and bore, was only known to those who were immediately about the King's person ; for he was limited to Charlottenburg and Potsdam, nay, almost a prisoner,—watched as he was, by the Argus-eyes of Corsican craftiness. Exposed to offences from the French marshals—nearly amounting to personal insult—which were intended to stimulate him to wrath and thereby to open rupture—that so he might give a desired pretext for the annihilation of the kingdom of Prussia :—his clear glance, and heaven-directed mind, penetrated the same,—and he was enabled to avoid with wisdom every diabolical enticement to open resentment.

pacing the room, he seized on a beautiful piece of mosaic work, representing St. Peter's Church in Rome, which stood on the table, and dashing it on the floor, thundered out, "Dost see !—even so will I break thee, thy chair, thy church, and thy rule. The day of wrath (*dies irae*) is o'er thee."

The Holy Father, with the same serenity as before, replied by a single word,

"*Tragediante !*"

at the same time with perfect coolness and dignity, he left the room.

And the Pope lived to witness the downfall of Napoleon, his cause, rule, and dynasty, whilst Pius VII. continued at the head of the hierarchy, and died at a great age in his Vatican.

He well knew himself, was aware of his situation, and remained collected. The urgency advanced, the complications increased, and the monstrous state of affairs unveiled themselves when accounts arrived that the Emperor Napoleon—armed more formidably than ever—purposed to invade Russia. The potentates of Germany were summoned to meet him in Dresden, as were they so many feudal Lords,—from them he demanded contingent troops, and even the King was compelled through his position, to promise a corps-d'armée to act against his personal friend and ally, the Emperor Alexander.

The arrogant demands on the one side, and the necessary yielding to the force of circumstances on the other, rose to the unnatural,—so that the resignation, and political compliance, of the heavily-tested sufferer was tried to the very uttermost.

Those who suppose that the King, during this frightful state of affairs,—was passive, constrained, and spiritless, have formed a most erroneous opinion of him. His lofty and noble nature remained free, calm, and collected; and he developed at this very time a moral strength, which possibly assisted more than anything else, to bring about the GREAT RESULT.

During this oppressive and ignominious time, I had occasion to preach in his presence, and chose for my text: "Blessed is the man," &c.

After the public worship was ended, I was summoned to the King, who expressed himself satisfied with the address. Truly he said nothing about the then situation of political affairs, but he spoke animatedly of the invigorating and calming power of Christian resignation, ending his remark with these memorable words, "Come what will—through *it* I shall be best able to benefit others and myself:—tranquil confidence in *Him*, who holds the future in his hand, and who can and will extricate—is wisdom and duty."

Brought into sorrows through the narrow-mindedness, weakness, and sinfulness of caste and party-spirit, he saw that the true power of a people consisted in the totality and unison of *all* its strengths; he therefore gave to every order in the state a free action within due limitations,—and burst asunder the fetters of favouring privileges. He hung on the breast of the brave Landwehrman, the same Iron-cross that adorned the loyal bosom of the valiant General, for both were to him equally dear and worthy: and to the burgesses he gave freedom and power, in Municipal Affairs. He emancipated from serfism the peasantry, and freed the yeoman from vassal dependence on the whims of manorial lords. Hence Prussia contains none but Freemen.

Worried by exorbitant demands, pressed down by overwhelming contributions, and himself and family

limited to bare necessities,—he nevertheless spurned the proposition of declaring a national bankruptcy, in these words, “In misfortune; but not dishonourable!”—He sent his gold service to the Mint, and forbade the use of costly wines at his table.

Deep and smartingly did he lament, that even Saxons, Brunswickers, Hessians, Bavarians, Wirtembergers, &c. &c., should be found in the ranks of the enemy; and he, a true german, felt for the ignominy and real state of Germany. The great desire of his soul was, that German Fatherland should be *one* in interest as in language; and he established, to his own financial loss, the German Customs-Union, as a sure and powerful means of binding and advancing the mercantile prosperity and political greatness of Germany.

He kept the rudder of the state in his experienced hand to the last, and never ceased to take an active part in the Government. He had reached the high and venerated position of senior potentate of Europe; and his reputation materially maintained the peace of the world;—for he stood in the middle point of public affairs, where his will and sagacity decided. His eye contemplated the Government in the hands of his Illustrious Son with calmness and hope; and he could write down with serenity and exalted fatherly joy several years before his death, the important words—

“Thy principles and intentions, my beloved son, are pledges for me that thou wilt be a father unto thy people.”

Even so did he loosen himself from earthly ties,—acquiring a freedom of mind which knew no sublunary limitations. He still possessed,—but, as if he had resigned ;—and was glad—without rejoicing.

This RESIGNATION exalted Frederick William III., in the latter years of his life, above temporalities. The clouds and storms which enveloped his destiny had subsided, and were now beneath his feet. On its height he stood in holy calmness—behind him a life full of labour and trouble ; around him a rich harvest-field ; before him a near eternity, with its promises ; and HIMSELF, now greater than his work—which was finished—had become “ripe for a loftier order of things.”

“And in 1840, when the day of Pentecost was come, all stood, all his children together, with one accord”—near to his death-bed, atmospherised by the peace of God ;—and in communion with their prayers and tears, he calmly and blessedly breathed his last.

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"Mr. Birch's translation contains only that portion of the Bishop's 'Characteristic Traits' of his late Sovereign and friend, which relate to the King's religious character. There is something abrupt and not satisfactory in this selection; as the reader does not know what is left out, and is inclined to ask questions with regard to the public actions of the Monarch, and to compare them with the private expression of his feelings. * * * The character of Frederick William well deserves that such notice should have been prefixed to these interesting conversations. The people of England know enough of him to wish to know more. * * * the people received him on that memorable visit with high esteem and admiration, having in lively remembrance his patriotic and noble achievements against the common enemy. * * * We will now extract a remarkable passage, in which the King relates the circumstances of that great change in character, which his memorialist terms, and the King himself regarded, as his 'regeneration.' * * * These are truly royal remarks. There are some particulars upon which we might comment, but it is not necessary. We have copied largely, but we are sure not too largely for our readers; nor, we may add, too largely for the translator, as our extracts are a better advertisement than our recommendation."—THE CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

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* Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

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